



THEATRE MAGAZINE



AUGUST, 1917

SEPTEMBER!

The month—not the morn—that opens the theatres with new plays, new stars, new dramatists.

Be wide awake! After the ease and idleness of the summer, join the band of happy know-it-alls!

Read the THEATRE MAGAZINE and glean from its pages a knowledge of that most interesting of the arts—the drama!



IF you are an inveterate playgoer, or a newcomer to the theatrical fold, one possessed of a taste merely for musical flavors, or a devotee of the heavy "dramma"—in a word, if the theatre holds a thrill for you at all—you'll want to read the forecast for next season.

What surprises have the managers in store for us?

What stars will shine and who will be the supporting satellites?

All questions cheerfully answered. See article, September THEATRE MAGAZINE.



THERE are some fellows—and their names are few—who have something interesting to say no matter when, how, or where they write.

Louis Sherwin is one of them. (We hate to make him conceited, but we'll take a chance on his not seeing this.) A brilliant young critic, and a habitual first-nighter, Mr. Sherwin's article, "The Plague of Dramatized Novels," in the September number will strike a sympathetic note in many a playgoer's breast.

If you like mutual troubles related in a bright, entertaining fashion, Mr. Sherwin's article is the one for you.



DO you know the Mark Twain of American music?

Henry F. Gilbert is his name and his bal-

let, "The Dance in Place Congo," will be produced by Gatti-Casazza at the Metropolitan Opera House this coming season.

Gilbert is the most American in spirit, composition and personality of any of our native composers. His ballet is bound to

They formed themselves into an organization under the name Morgan Art Dancers and created a furore from the start.

They became features of Broadway productions, vaudeville quickly claimed them and they were asked to give their symbolic dances at colleges and social gatherings.

In our next issue, Helen Ten Broeck has an interesting story to tell of how this unique group of artists achieved success.



THERE'S nothing new under the sun."

So said a wise man—and in our vernacular, he said a forkful.

Charles Burnham—he of the unfailing theatrical memory—proves this in his article, "Theatres in War Time." He'll tell you what happened in the playhouses of another day when this country was in the throes of war.

So if you are one of those who believe that the theatrical situation to-day is a new one—read Mr. Burnham's article and get wise.



YOU'RE a picture fan, of course. We all are. You like to keep posted on what's worth seeing on the screen.

Then you must not miss each issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, beginning with the September number.

From now on we shall have a regular department devoted to the movies, conducted by MIRILO, a well-known expert in the silent drama.

The department will be fully illustrated,

crisply and entertainingly written. Above all, it will tell the truth.

If MIRILO praises a picture, you need not hesitate in devoting time and money in going to see it.

The THEATRE MAGAZINE hopes to promote a better understanding between the public and motion-picture producers, and to give the layman a clearer insight into doings of the screen world.

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create a sensation for it is something new.

Read all about the man and his work in the September issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.



A GROUP of schoolgirls who danced exceptionally well thought they saw an opportunity on the stage.



From a portrait by Charlotte Fairchild

I N A C L A I R E

Who has forsaken the musical comedy stage to join David Belasco.
She will be seen next season in a comedy called "Polly With a Past"

THEATRE MAGAZINE

THE DRAMA'S FALSE FRIENDS

By LOUIS V. DE FOE



NOTHING is quite so dead or quite so ineligible to a green spot in memory as a dramatic season, once the final curtain has fallen on its last play. As an evanescent experience in the life of New York the recent year of the theatre to pass the vanishing point would be as little worth a reflective glance as any of the best except for one interesting and, to those who are inclined seriously to regard the stage's relation to the public, very significant paradox that is supplied.

In no other previous year was the energy of theatre managers so great or the material profit which they reaped from their activities so satisfactory. Yet, on the other hand, in no previous year was the fund of the stage's substantial artistic accomplishment quite so small.

In the summaries of the season's endeavor which were made by the professional dramatic critics conclusions were practically unanimous that it did not afford even one work of distinguished dramatic or literary quality which understandingly dealt with the problems of contemporary life. Yet at the first performances of the new plays the theatres were always crowded and the audiences usually seemed satisfied with the quality of the plays.

The critics' estimate of the season would seem, therefore, to be captious, considering the demeanor of the first audiences. Nevertheless it was endorsed by another competent critical body whose opinion ought to be entitled to respect. Augustus Thomas, Richard Burton and Hamlin Garland composed the jury appointed by the Trustees of Columbia University to award the annual prize of \$1,000 provided by the will of the late Joseph Pulitzer "for the original American play performed in New York which shall best represent the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste and good manners." Although in the course of the season one hundred and nineteen new plays, including forty one-act plays, seventy of the total by American authors, were acted for the first time in New York's forty-three first-class theatres, the award was withheld. In all this great accumulation not one play was found which met the conditions for bestowing the prize. Yet a majority of them were received by the first audiences with noisy acclaim and, in the aggregate, they made the year the most prosperous in the history of the New York stage.



A NATURAL impulse would be to charge responsibility for the theatre's indifferent standard in New York to the dramatists. It would seem plausible to argue that in a year of golden opportunity when, owing to the stagnating influence of the war upon all creative effort in the theatre abroad they have been relieved of the discouraging competition of European authors, the American playwrights failed. But the native dramatists will answer just as plausibly that the sanction and acceptance of their work lies primarily with the theatre managers. They will ask what can be the incentive to write plays of

serious purpose which they think he is not likely to produce.

For a good many years, in common with other critics whose professional duty is to comment on matters of the theatre in New York, I have blamed both dramatic authors and dramatic producers for the indifferent standard above which it seems so difficult for the stage to lift itself. One group creates the plays, the other provides the means by which they are brought before the public. Neither is entirely without responsibility. But there is another influence more directly at fault for holding down the standard of the theatre's accomplishment. It is the comparatively small class of habitual playgoers whose routine practice is to attend every first trial of a drama in New York, and whose approval the theatre manager thinks he must win in order to establish his play's success. These unofficial, unprofessional and unrepresentative critics are invariably the theatre's most generous and constant patrons. Yet it is their misconception of the theatre's purpose, which they think is to provide idle and unprofitable amusement, that has raised the barrier between it and the great general public which it should strive first to satisfy.



AS water will not rise above its own level, so the stage will not rise above the level of taste of the people upon whom it depends for its most generous support. The theatre manager cannot be blamed for supplying the plays that his most dependable patrons want. He knows that in New York after a first rebuff a play cannot survive long enough to seek the public to which ultimately it might appeal. Sir Henry Irving could not be charged with commercialism in the theatre. He set his ideals high and spared no effort to attain them. Yet he once admitted to me that there was nothing he feared so much as the indiscriminating attitude of a New York first-night audience, for, he said, "When the drama does not prosper as a commercial business, it cannot succeed as an art."

The harmful influence of the habitual first-nighter in the theatre has kept pace with New York's rapid metropolitan growth and with the consequent steady increase of its idle and prodigal class. Thirty years ago, when the announcement of a new play at Wallack's or the appearance of a popular celebrity from abroad on the stage of the old Union Square was hailed as an event of unusual importance in the artistic life of the city, the verdict of the first-night audience it attracted could safely be accepted as an expression of the people's best taste. A dozen years later, when a première at the now dingy Daly's or at Daniel Frohman's long disappeared Lyceum in Fourth Avenue was an incident which appealed to intelligent interest rather than to the passing curiosity of Broadway's sensation-seeking night life, there was still reason to record the presence of the "brilliant and distinguished assemblage" which, according to the chronicles of the stage of that time, was always on hand.

In the intervening twenty years the stage has

not been moving backward, despite the prevailing fiction that its golden age is always the one that has gone just before. The first performance of a new play, now no less than before, should promise its night of interesting uncertainties and new experiences. But such events, either by their greater frequency or in consequence of the competition of the multiplying interests of New York life, have lost to a very great extent their special audience representing cultured taste and clear artistic perception. They are monopolized now by an always recurring and never changing throng which has only the slightest appreciation of the drama as an art if, in fact, it is conscious that art is in any way involved. It was James Huneker who first aptly characterized these habitual first-nighters. He called them the "death watch"—willing attendants whose congenial task is to keep watch over the victim on the stage in its hour of distress. They search indefatigably for something they define as "entertainment." They applaud trivialities vociferously. But they seem to find little in any play that actually entertains them. The pleasant mission of the first-nighter at the theatre, when it is not to laugh, is to be bored.

To write plays that will pass this difficult barrier must be discouraging to the dramatist. He knows that the theatrical producer must largely depend upon them to give his play its impetus toward a Broadway success. On the other hand, the dramatic critic, who has no material interest at stake, long ago learned to accept the opinion of the routine theatregoer at its true valuation. That is why he avoids discussing with his neighbors in the orchestra seats the play he is about to review. It is not always possible, though, to avoid the vagaries of the habitual first-nighters and almost any experienced critic might write a volume of anecdotes of what he overhears.



AS an example of the kind of opinion which any thoughtful play at its opening performance on Broadway must overcome I might give the view which one of the most constant of the first-nighters—he has probably not missed a dozen first performances in as many years—expressed to me of John Galsworthy's "Justice" on the evening of its initial hearing. It will be recalled that this drama of exceptional literary quality and persuasive force was an argument for the reform of the English penal law and prison regulations as applied to the first offender.

"Awful, isn't it?" said he.

"Why?" I asked.

"It isn't entertainment. There hasn't been a chance to laugh to-night."

I ventured that the play had been vastly entertaining to me.

"Besides," he added, "it isn't sensible for it isn't true. I have served on the grand jury three terms and I have always advocated treating first offenders with the greatest severity, so they won't come back."

Another first-nighter whom I invariably meet at the opening takes pride in his knowledge of

stage tradition. His theatrical library is a shelf of scrapbooks filled with playbills, with cancelled reserve seat-coupons attached. Managers must value his opinions for I find them frequently quoted in the advertisements. When Alla Nazimova had finished her first English performance in "A Doll's House" this reliable patron of the theatre's artistic endeavor acknowledged to me his bitter disappointment.

"Nazimova doesn't grasp the character," he complained. "She doesn't even know the 'business' of the play—that is, not as Ibsen intended."

I replied that I thought her acting had been fairly in keeping with the Scandinavian precedent.

"You are wrong," he retorted. "When Nora walked out of her husband's house she didn't slam the door."

He had probably read somewhere what the Danish critic, George Brandes, observed of Nora's emancipation—that "the slam of the door behind Nora Helmer reverberated around the world."

Within my hearing two of the inevitable regulars of the theatre's first nights were discussing "The Money Makers," the last play written by Charles Klein, which was produced in the autumn following his death in the *Lusitania*. Its plot dealt with a millionaire who had piled up his fortune by questionable manipulation of railroad securities. When he found that great wealth had become a demoralizing influence in his family he determined to get rid of it and to die poor.

The spectacle of a hero deliberately impoverishing himself proved too distressing for these arbiters of the stage's well being.

"It's ridiculous," said one.

"Of course," replied the other. "It isn't en-

tertainment and it isn't life! Why should a man give away his money?"

"The Money Makers" failed, but for reasons other than those advanced by these first-nighters.



WHEN Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson dedicated the Shubert with his beautiful interpretation of Hamlet, the most conspicuous and inveterate of all New York's first-nighters sat in the front row. I left the performance after the third act and took a car uptown. He, with a companion, boarded the same car and sat directly in front of me.

Presently he turned to his friend and remarked, "That show always did get my goat! Let's go to see something good!"

They alighted at the Winter Garden.

These are not unusual examples of the standard of opinion to which every play now produced in New York is subjected at its fateful first performance. A few—a very few—producers are not influenced by it. In consequence the stages which they control always contribute substantially to the aesthetic results of our dramatic seasons.

At the Belasco Theatre the subscription lists are so large that Mr. Belasco is able to avoid the regulars and court a more representative opinion of his plays. Winthrop Ames, at the Little Theatre, more effectively bars the first-nighters without risk of giving offense. He precedes his public openings, which always take place on Tuesday nights, with performances which he calls rehearsals, on the preceding Saturday and Monday nights. To these he invites people on whose finer

taste and judgment he can depend. They are there as his guests. He can afford this luxury of a competent jury since his theatre holds only two hundred and ninety-nine seats.

Of these two methods of shielding the first performances of plays from the people whose presence at the theatres on opening nights is as perfunctory as their opinions, the one adopted by Mr. Belasco is obviously the best. Granting that the two audiences are equally representative, the judgment of the one that pays for its seats is invariably the more reliable. Its verdict is also less open to the suspicion of the more general public on which the theatre must afterward depend, for it is reasonable to assume that, in choosing his jury of invited guests, a manager will discriminate, unconsciously perhaps, in an effort to have present only those people with whom his work will be most likely to find sympathy.

One theatre in New York invariably secures a favorable popular verdict for its plays. Its orchestra seats are assigned to their probable purchasers according to the intended appeal of the production and they are notified before the public announcement of the play is made. If the play be a musical comedy the proprietor of the theatre sits in the balcony, not to observe the attitude of the patrons of his upper tiers as was Charles Frohman's invariable custom, but to operate a signal to the conductor of his orchestra and thus control the repetition of the songs. In this way he circumvents the music publishers who always manage to get in. Among the first-nighters at the musical plays they are at once the least reliable and the greatest nuisances of all.

THE WASHINGTON SQUARE DRAMATISTS

By HUBERT SAVILE



SCENE:—The studio of Mrs. Gwendolen Gallowsay Gabb, in the "Greenwich Village" section of New York City. There are autograph photographs on the walls of John Drew and Eva Tanguay, Sir Herbert Tree and Valeska Suratt. Candles are lighted. Incense is burning. Twelve persons are present, four men and eight women.

Mrs. Gabb is long and lanky. She wears a costume made out of a portière and an automobile veil. She made it herself.

MRS. GABB: Ladies and gentlemen, members of the Washington Square Dramatists' Association, this being the last Saturday in the month, we are gathered together, for the thirteenth time, to discuss the Drama! On previous occasions we have discussed The Drama as a Form of Entertainment, The Drama as a Means of Education, The Drama as an Expression of the Artistic Temperament, and The Drama as a Relaxation for the Tired Business Man, but this evening we will discuss The Drama in Connection with the War, the terrible war in which the whole world has become involved, the war that was started by Germany but that will be ended by America! (Applause.) The hideous conflict has paralyzed the normal activities of Europe. The British and continental dramatists have all been called to the colors, to serve in one way or another. But in the United States the situation is fortunately somewhat different. For in this country of a hundred million inhabitants it will not be necessary for the playwrights to become soldiers. At least, I hope it will not be necessary! We have work to do, you and I, valuable work, although it is mental and not physical! (More applause.)

And I do not see why the Washington Square Dramatists' Association, with its twelve brilliant members, should not produce twelve brilliant plays! Furthermore, I do not see why these plays should not be typically American in matter and in manner. Now is the time to break away from the conventions and limitations of the past, and manifest the freedom and individuality of the present! Let us hear from Mr. Buzz! (Most applause.)

Mr. Bartholomew Burlington Buzz is short and stout. He wears a dress-suit that was made for him when he weighed thirty pounds less than at present.

MR. BUZZ: I heartily agree with everything that Mrs. Gabb has said, and I merely wish to state that I shall take immediate advantage of the suggestion, and start to work on a patriotic American drama! I shall adopt as a theme Paul Revere's Ride! That ought to prove a dark horse! In order to secure local color, I shall go for a visit to Lexington, Massachusetts, this very week! (Applause.)

MRS. GABB: Paul Revere! Isn't that splendid! Let us now hear from Miss Gush!

Miss Geraldine Gallagher Gush is forty-eight years of age. She wears a white dimity frock, with a pink ribbon in her hair and a pink sash around her waist.

MISS GUSH: As an American girl, the daughter of American parents, descended from American ancestors, I heartily approve of these noble sentiments! The thought now comes to me to write a play about Betsy Ross, using Old Glory as a background, to an accompaniment of "The Star Spangled Banner!" The scheme has distinct

dramatic possibilities, as Mr. George M. Cohan has proved so successfully for so many years in so many ways! (Applause.)

MRS. GABB: Paul Revere and Betsy Ross! Inspirations, both of them! Let us now hear from Mr. Nutt!

Nicholas Nottingham Nutt is white and willowy. He wears an orchid in his buttonhole and many rings on his fingers. His perfume is sandalwood.

MR. NUTT: I think the war is perfectly disgusting, but, since we are in it, we must make the best of it! But, at the same time, if we must have realistic drama, let us make it as romantic as possible! It is true that Clyde Fitch made a dramatic version of the story of Nathan Hale for Nat Goodwin, but I would now make another version for Paul Swan! It is needless to say that my treatment of the historic character will be entirely different from Mr. Fitch's, just as Mr. Swan's interpretation will be entirely different from Mr. Goodwin's. I will give the hero an opportunity to perform a classic dance! Don't you think that would be delightful? (Applause.)

MRS. GABB: Paul Revere, Betsy Ross and Nathan Hale! That only leaves Barbara Frietchie, Molly Pitcher and Major André! But let me take this opportunity to tell you what idea I myself have in view for elaborating into a patriotic play! I intend to dramatize the Declaration of Independence! George Washington, the Fourth of July, and all the rest of it! If that is not a representative American idea for a representative American drama, I don't know what is! (Frenzied applause, mingled with cries of "Marvelous! Magnificent! Monumental!" etc., etc.)

(Curtain.)



Press III.



Savony

Emma Dunn as a mother in real life. The actress frolicking with her children at the beach at Milford, Conn.

A theatrical trio. Flo Ziegfeld, Jr.—the manager; Billie Burke—the actress; Florenz Patricia Burke-Ziegfeld—the baby. As usual, baby holds the centre of the stage

FAR FROM THE FOOTLIGHTS' GLARE

Stage Favorites in Domestic Roles

THE "FOLLIES" GIRL TALKS

By LLEWELLYN BRONSON



OUCH! Look out for the geezer, Mabelle," shrielled one of a group of girls at the Follies, back of the wings where I was about to stand around and look smaller and more wooden than ever, if it were possible, for the sole purpose of eavesdropping.

The girl rubbed her knee. Mabelle looked at her and glared around.

"What old geezer pinched you?" she demanded, limbering up her pink fingers ready to claw him.

"No, I don't mean that kind of a geezer, but this geezer here," and she pointed to a tiny leak in a hose pipe which had sputtered a thread-like stream against her knee.

"Oh, you mean a water geyser," giggled Mabelle.

"They called it a geezer when I went to school," insisted the girl.

"Aw, the geysers weren't made then," was the retort, and the girls huddled together awaiting various cues. Then they began to chatter, in subdued, but lively tones. That was exactly what I was there for, to listen, remember their chatter and set it down as record of what the girlies at the Follies talk about while awaiting their turn to amaze, delight, thrill or excite the audience, as the case may be.

"Did you risk one eye on the ice-man's daughter in the lower box, right?" asked one of the girls.

"We did," came a chorus.

"Ice-man's wife you mean, and the whole wagon full pinned on her—"

"They're real. No glass in them, I guess I know regular diamonds when I see them—"

"Perhaps, but if we wore a dress cut like that we'd all be pinched for posin' as September Morns—"

"They get away with it all right, some women are built so funny that no clothes at all wouldn't be immodest."

"—at least forty times. No man could wink like that unless he had a St. Vitus eye."

"You mean that ivory dome down front with the white ha-a-a on his chin, Jess?"

"Yes, he—"

"He's near sighted, they all look good to him, why he even winked at me. Gee, this heat is somethin' fierce. I wish I was doin' a tank act this week."

"So long's you're not hitting tank towns you can stand the heat. Who's the—"



THEN came the call and this particular bunch of girlies floated on, to be met by an equally charming bunch from the other side. At the same time another group had tripped merrily off and rushed away to change. Still others drifted on back of the wings from their dressing rooms, to be in readiness.

"You're a writer, I'll bet," said one to me.

"Er—not much of a one. How did you know?"

"You look sort of a freak, you know, all writers do. I'm a nut myself. Betty Black, honest-to-goodness name. Did you come to interview me? Yes, thanks, I'm the only girl who can keep in step, everyone of the others keep step together but not with me. I like beer, save my money and got a car I paid for out of my salary, that's why they call me a nut—"

"To tell the truth—" I started.

"Don't josh," she said.

"I'm not out for interview just now. I'm—er—just looking on."

"Well," sighed Betty, as she turned away, "looking won't hurt you—or do you any good."

"If I had a brick I'd have soaked—pardon my slang, I detest it—I mean I'd have beaned that chump with it," declared Lilyan.

"What did he do to you?" asked the girls about her.

"Listen, now that I've got my first real speaking lines this slo—I mean this poor fish gets up and walks right out in the middle of my sentence."

"Poo pooh twice and a couple of pshaws," giggled Diana, "you ought to have someone do that when you're singing your best and the house is as quiet as a Yiddish restaurant on St. Patrick's day."



AND that human piccolo out there, did you get him?" asked an exceedingly stout girl. "The chap who laughs ten octaves above high C? Nope, I didn't get him. If I had him I'd hire him out as a steam whistle on a saw mill—"

"Everybody out front's got paralytic arms from th' elbows down—"

"Not much like last ni—"

A sudden hush fell over them. There seemed to be no reason for it until I glanced up and saw Ned Wayburn, that combined monster and demi-god of all show girls. Ned didn't say a word, but he favored them with one look which meant "shut up" more plainly than any words. A sort of Maxim Silencer seemed to fall across the ruby lips of every girl in the bunch.

But neither time nor tide nor any mortal power, nor cataclysm, nor even Ned Wayburn, himself, can silence a woman for long, and they were soon chattering again, although in somewhat subdued tones. Then it came time for them to go on and another crowd came into the wings in readiness. Thus far I hadn't heard them talk of their conquests and diamond tiaras and limousines and dates and swell apartments and such things as the "O Slush" magazines describe in their denatured naughty stories. I was disappointed and listened closely, hoping this new bunch would let loose some such conversation.

"The dear, how was he last night?" one girl asked of another, "did he keep you awake much?"

"Better, he only whooped once."

Ah, ha! This was getting exciting.

"If they knew it here they'd lay you off—"

"No danger, the doctor said so."

"I don't care what your doctor said, when my kid had whooping cough it was contagious all right. He was four—"

"My kid's six and—"

I sauntered back and around to the wings on the other side, considerably disappointed. There's nothing particularly spicy in the chronicle of a conversation about one's croupy babies.



I NEVER went with a show that wasn't a hit." It was Margaret talking—where does Ned Wayburn find girls with such charming names?—and she was serious about it.

"Do you mean they were such good shows that—"

"I'd give exactly nine dollars for a dish of—"

"Bah, I detest ice cream," put in Mary.

"—corned beef hash and a claret lemonade," finished the girl.

"Look, can you see from here?" and they

peeked diagonally to the far corner down front by the bass fiddler.

"He's crazy about us, what?" laughed one of the girls.

They were looking at a rotund, first-row gentleman who was taking twenty winks of sleep.

"Can you imagine so many women coming out on a hot night like this?" panted one of the girls.

"When they might be at home in a kimono or less, under an electric fan, eating fudge and reading that new story Robert Louis Dickens or some of those writers has just started—"

"What story?"

"Why—er—I think it's called the 'Sexless Wrecks'—"

"Oh," giggled Miss Mary, "you mean What's-his-name's 'Restless Sex'—"

"Well, I got it near enough—"

"—and I told them I wouldn't throw Mr. Ziegfeld down, not even for a thousand a week. If it wasn't for that I'd go in pictures in a minute. They say I look just like Marguerite Clarke."

Several of the girls giggled at this assertion from a blonde damsel.

"Don't you mind what people say, Stell," put in one of the girls, winking at the others, "you look all right. Who wanted you in the movies?"

"Who? Four directors have talked with me—"

"And each one said he'd put you on the list, eh? I know. I've been—s-s-s-st!"

And these girls marched on, singing.



BACK again to the wings at "R"—oh, I'm a shark for stage technique—I found some of the Follies girlies deep in important discussion. I edged closer and listened—

"They're cooler than silk, and only ninety-eight cents—"

"The new silk ones couldn't be any cooler or thinner, and so much prettier."

"They come in one piece now, pink or blue, and the loveliest ribbon rosebuds around the neck and clear down the—"

I edged away as rapidly as possible.

"I like it with tomato in it—"

"So do I."

"When we get the cheese we'll get a can of tomato soup and—"

"Oh, I'm all out of wood alcohol."

"We'll get that at the drug store. How many are there?"

"Five, I've only got two chairs in my room, but there's the bed and my trunk. And how about—"

The girl paused and looked at me.

"For a little chafing dish party like that," I said, "you can go into the family entrance and get it in those containers."

"If it wasn't to be a strictly bachelor girl spread in my room after the show I'd invite you," said the girl.

And those are the things one hears back of the wings at the Follies.

Leave it to the women of the sewing circles and the woman's auxiliaries to gossip about moralities and immoralities, but the girlies back of the wings at the Follies are so utterly human that they chatter of dress and silk underthings and their babies and chafing dish eats and the human freaks out front, and kindred topics.

Human? Yes, indeed, much more so than most of those in the audience.



© Photo Strauss-Peyton

A M E L I T A G A L L I - C U R C I

This singer, concerning whose voice the most enthusiastic reports have reached New York, will begin a concert tour in October, thus giving every one an opportunity to hear her. It is much to be regretted that the Metropolis has not yet been able to form its own judgment of this artiste's capabilities. An opportunity will, it is believed, present itself this coming winter when she is announced to appear at the Lexington Avenue Opera House with the Chicago Opera Company

THE BILL OF THE PLAY

By CHARLES BURNHAM



WHEN the drama was first introduced in England, the strolling players, as they wandered from place to place, were preceded by their "couriers," with their trumpets, announcing in public when and where the performance would be given. It was their duty not alone to proclaim the coming of the players, but they were called upon to give some idea of the proposed entertainment, as to whether it was a comedy or tragedy, likewise some description of its plot and the merits of the performers. When the audience had assembled, it then devolved upon the manager of the company to furnish any further information in the form of a speech preceding the performance, known as the "prologue."

Thus the courier's announcement and the manager's speech were the only "bills of the play" furnished the audiences. No mention was made of the actor's name, for the public took little or no interest in the individuality of the player save as to his ability to entertain. The "play" was the thing, while the mummers were looked upon as "rascals, vagabonds and good-for-nothings." It was not until they came to be a recognized class, with special privileges, that their names were announced.



THE first attempt to introduce women on the stage in England met with such an outburst of public indignation, that all further efforts in that direction were abandoned for many years. It was some fifty years after the death of Shakespeare that the first English speaking woman made her debut on the stage, and there is no "bill of the play" on record to give us the name of the courageous woman who essayed the leading rôle. She appeared in London, in 1860, in a performance of "Othello," in an out-of-the-way playhouse. Instead of a bill announcing the "First appearance in this City, of the Gifted Artist, Mrs. ———, as Desdemona," the audience on that memorable occasion, were informed by the manager in his "prologue" that,

"I come, unknown to any of the rest,
To tell the news: I saw the lady dress't—
The woman plays to-day: mistake me not,
No man in gown, or page in petticoat."

In this fashion women were first introduced to the auditors, with a further plea from the manager,

"Not to run to give her visits when the play is done."

Joseph Ames, the antiquary, in his, "History of Printing," states that "James Roberts, a printer of Shakespeare's time, printed bills for the players." He describes these bills as "very crude specimens of the black letter art, and were pasted on the interior and exterior walls of the theatre, and on the posts in the street. For the sake of distinction, when a tragedy was played the title was printed in red ink, and a mere comedy in purple, blue or black.

In the introduction to an old play published in 1599, in which Tragedy is supposed to whip Comedy from the stage, this custom of placing bills on the posts was thus referred to:

"Tis you have kept the theatre so long
Painted in playbills upon every post
While I am scorned of the multitude."

Payne Collier, says that "the practice of printing information as to the time, place, and nature

of the performance to be given by the players, was not common prior to the year 1563."

Originally the right to print play-bills was monopolized by the Stationer's Company of London; later on the privilege was assumed by the Crown. In the books of this company there is an entry of a license granted to John Charlewoode, for the "onlye ymprinting of all manner of billes for players. provided that if any trouble aryse thereby then Charlewoode to bear the charges." James I. granted a patent in 1620 to Roger Wood and Thomas Symcocke for the absolute right of printing, among other things, "of all bills for plays, pastimes, shewes, prizes, or sports whatsoever." The first bills issued of which there

One of the most important officials of the early theatre, was a "bill writer," whose duty it was to prepare a copy not alone for the printer but also a bill that could be read to the audience in case of a sudden change of programme or of some other mishap of which the manager desired to notify the assembly. In the records of the Drury Lane Theatre mention is made of this office being filled by Robert Wilks, who, besides being a person of literary attainments, was a noted actor of his time. For his services he was paid fifty pounds a year in addition to his salary as an actor.

From the only available sources it is fairly well established that the first "bills" in use were printed on a sheet of paper some eight inches long and six inches wide containing the name of the theatre and the name of the play. When the cast was given it was printed on the reverse side. These sheets were known as "announcement bills" and were the forerunners of the larger ones used by managers of to-day upon the walls and fences.

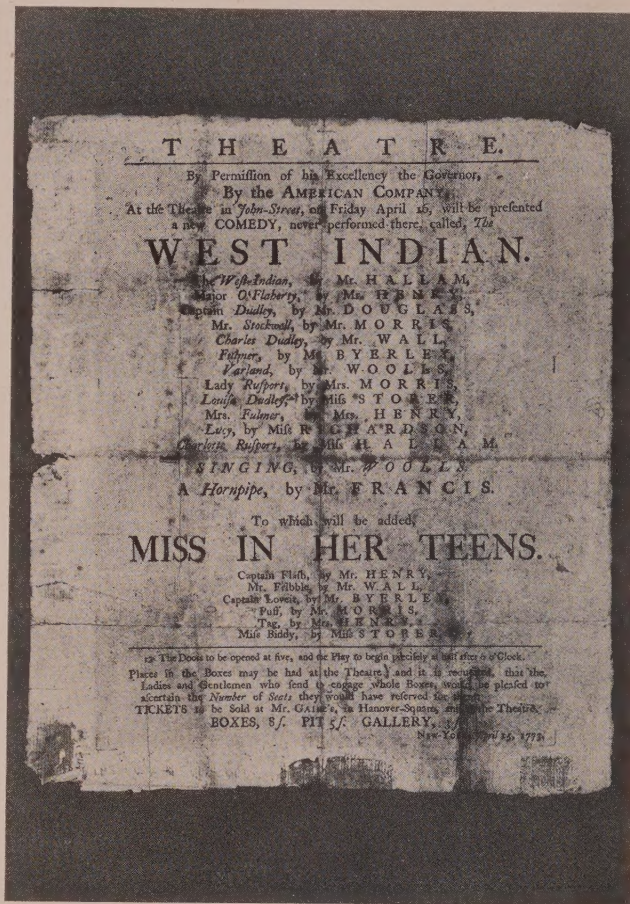
In the early days it was the privilege of the author to have his play printed and sold, for his personal benefit, probably in lieu of royalties. They were issued in pamphlet form, furnishing besides the play a cast of characters, the manager's prologue, the epilogue and the author's apology. It was the custom for every author to offer an apology for his play, which may be accounted for, that, in this manner, he anticipated his critics. In many instances these "books of the play" comprise the only authentic record of the stage of that early period.



FOR the theatregoer to obtain full information regarding the performance he purposed witnessing it was essential to secure one of these pamphlets. Pepys in his diary writes: "I bought the play of Henry the Fourth, and so to the theatre and saw it acted; but, my expectations being too great, it did not please me, as otherwise I believe it would; and my having a book, I believe did spoil it a little." English theatregoers began early the practice of purchasing their programmes, a fashion still in vogue.

The manager depended in a great measure upon the papers of the day, to give the public information of his plays. It was the custom at one time in those early days, for publishers to pay for any information they might receive concerning the theatre. In Andrew's "History of British Journals," it is stated in the records of one of the publishers that, "The theatres are a great expense to the papers. The papers paid two hundred pounds a year to each theatre for the accounts of new plays, and would reward the messenger with a shilling or half-crown who brought them the first copy of a play bill."

With the innovation of printing the name of the actor the surname only was given, with the added prefix of Mr. or Mrs. as the case might be. Baker in his "History of the British Stage," says, "Actresses were styled 'Mrs.' in the play bills until late in the eighteenth century, 'Miss' being a term of reproach in those days for any but very young girls." As the actor grew in importance he insisted ((Concluded on page 112)



Rare playbill of the old John Street Theatre, New York, dated April 15, 1773

is any record, merely announced the theatre, the play, the day and the hour of the intended entertainment, and as far as can be ascertained it was not until after the Restoration that a cast of characters was printed.

Tradition has it that a bill was found in front of a place of amusement in Pompeii with the scenes of a play presumed to have been enacted on the day the city was destroyed, but the earliest "bill of the play," of which there is reliable record is in the British Museum. It reads as follows:

By His Majestie's Company of Comedians
at the
New Theatre in Drury Lane
This day being Thursday, April 8, 1663,
will be acted a comedy called,
THE HUMOOROUS LIEVtenant
by Beaumont and Fletcher

The King
Demetrius
Selvius
Leontius
Lieutenant
Celia

Mr. Winterset
Mr. Hart
Mr. Byrt
Major Mohun
Mr. Cly
Mrs. Marshall

Play begins at 3 exactly.

Boxes 4s Pit 2s & 6d. Gallery 1s & 6d Upper Gallery 1s.



HAZEL DAWN AND HER SISTER



GERTRUDE McCOY

Beauty enhances the attractions of the Automobile Show while the stern sex does its duty at the front



ANN PENNINGTON



Charlotte Fairchild

MAURICE

The well-known dancer who left his work on the American stage and returned to his native country to do relief work and give tea dances in Paris to raise funds for the French hospitals



Basil, London

GUY STANDING

Popular actor on the New York stage who was one of the first to volunteer and has just been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Commander in the Royal Volunteer Reserve

FAIR WOMEN AND BRAVE MEN

IS LOVE BANISHED FROM THE STAGE?

By PAUL MORRIS



IS love losing its hold on the world of plays and players? There was a time when a drama without a strong love theme had about as great a chance of being accepted by a theatrical manager as a musical comedy without a "beauty" chorus. But times have taken a slight turn for the better (or worse—all depending upon your own sentimental or worldly wise point of view). Perhaps it is the war that has hardened men's souls and extracted some of the sentiment which they once contained or perhaps just a bit of the point of view of Japan, India, and the Far East generally, which discounts love as the prime basis of art, has crept into our minds, saturated with sex dramas, spring poetry and magazine love stories. At all events some of the most striking productions of the last season of dramatic entertainments have contained little or no love interest.

Of course there have been glad "Pollyanna" plays, and kindly sentimental "Stubborn Cinderellas," in sufficient numbers to give rise to many barrels of tears—but bleary-eyed *matinée* girls and middle-aged reminiscent weeping women have been fewer than usual this season. Crying at the theatre at love's young dream shattered and patched together again, is not altogether out of fashion but it is fast being superseded by gasps and shivers and cold intellectual impulses (if there are any such impulses). Sentiment and affection have not been entirely gleaned from the plays even of the most cold-blooded authors. Mother love, sisterly affection, and platonic love, all of which, I suppose, the most modern schools of philosophy would classify in the same category with old-fashioned "first love" and other inventions of fiction writers and spring poets.



THE best examples of plays without love, though few of them are without hate, can be found in the works of the soldier dramatist, Lord Dunsany. The finest specimens of plays without sex attraction of the season were the three little Barrie plays done at the Empire Theatre in the spring, "The New Word," "Old Friends," and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals."

In the first a father's affection for his son is shown, in "Old Friends" as in "Old Lady 31" it is the sentimental relation of mother and daughter that draws the attention of the listener, and in "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," it is a case of an old woman feeling the need of some one to make a fuss over, adopting a young soldier, at first without his consent and later with it.

Naturally some producers and authors hesitated to put on entertainments without a background of young lovers. "The 13th Chair" which has had such a long run at the 48th Street Theatre, for instance, was devoid of love in its original form, but just to be sure that everybody would go home satisfied, an engagement was interpolated though the action of the play would have got on just as well without it. "The Wanderer" and "Pierrot the Prodigal," both being merely versions of the Biblical story of the Prodigal son, a purely filial love story, a lesson in forgiveness, appended amazingly realistic love plots in their stage dress. Prominent among the Shakespearean productions was "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Now, this play was written because Queen Elizabeth wanted to see Falstaff in love and did not hesitate to let Shakespeare know her wishes. What really was written was

a burlesque on love. Falstaff was temperamentally unfitted to love anyone violently. Love not only has been neglected in certain quarters this season but it has been ridiculed in William Somerset Maugham's "Caroline," presented early in the season. A heroine fleeing from love was the theme.



BUT to go on to the plays without even a suggestion of the divine passion, the Washington Square Players who had presented Maeterlinck's "The Miracle of Saint Anthony" and other loveless things in the past, staged Strindberg's "Pariah" in which there are only two characters, both men. There was only hate and fear in Dunsany's "The Queen's Enemies." In the same author's "The Gods of the Mountain," and in "A Night at an Inn" there is mystery, suspense, perhaps even humor, but not love. The greedy beggars of the former, seek food, riches, and power, but not love. The pessimism of "The Glittering Gate," a play of which the title scarcely suggests the darkness of the fatal ending is without a gleam of sentiment, unless, the desire of two criminals to get into Heaven can be called sentiment. Most of these little plays of Dunsany deal with a world of unreality where human love is lacking.

The same might be said of many productions of the Serge di Diaghileff Ballet Russe, which finished its second American tour last spring. Its fanciful, ballets and pantomimes might be described as "fairy tales for grown-ups." When they treated of love it was in some unusual sprite-like way, as for instance in "The Spectre of the Rose," in which a young woman falling asleep with a rose in her hand dreams that it comes to life in the form of a lover who springs from its falling petals to dance with her. Then there was the clown love of the Harlequin and Pierrot of "Carnaval." The two most striking productions of the Ballet Russe, Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" and Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel" barely touched upon love unless the puppet-love of the former can be classed as love. True a puppet Moor and a puppet clown were in love with a puppet ballerina, apparently, but after all it hardly suggested human passion though the characters were mimed by Nijinsky, Bolm and Lopokova. There has been a movement among composers to discard the human element from musical compositions. Music descriptive of the sounds of nature, of mystical scenes, of mythological beings is replacing music inspired by love after the example of Schumann and Chopin. Stravinsky, Ravel, and several of the most important French composers are in this class.



IN "Till Eulenspiegel" there was just a suggestion, flippant and unreal, of love when a fair lady crossed the stage to repulse Till's clownish love overtures. Otherwise, it was an exposition of the character of a roguish sprite, battling with an unsympathetic and cruel world devoid of love.

At the Metropolitan Opera House the most important addition to the repertoire was Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris." Though over a century old it had never before been performed in America. The reason, in part at least, was that it had no love-music, no passionate tenor singing high notes fortissimo to his beloved soprano. An opera

without a lovelorn tenor was not considered by the Italian and German operatic impresarios who have had control of the operatic interests here, as likely to attract the public. But though it dealt only with love of country, of reverence for the Greek gods and love of brother for sister, it aroused more favorable comment than any other production of the season. "Boris Godounoff" is another opera in which there is little love interest.

In all the season's offerings nothing more entertaining or more artistic was heard in New York than Mme. Yvette Guilbert's series of informal song recitals sung partly in French, partly in English at the Maxine Elliott Theatre. Of old, Mme. Guilbert was known as a music-hall singer who always could be relied upon to present something naughty, and suggestive, with some appeal to the sex instinct. But this year she has devoted much of her programs to religious songs such as "Noel," and "C'est le Mai." To be sure she could not refrain from giving now and then a flavor of Montmartre and the underworld of Paris to her entertainments, but the greater part of her energies were spent in presenting things of a religious nature or character studies of eccentric human beings. If Mme. Guilbert can dispense with love in her theatrical wares and still hold her public, it would seem that the rest of the dramatic world could not unprofitably spare a little sentimentality.



WITHOUT two or three pairs of lovers an English play would hardly be an English play. Affairs of the heart to which the whole world is more or less subject are, according to a popular theory, more violent among Latin races than the peoples of Northern Europe. But, strangely, the dramatic literature of France contains much that is almost devoid of sex interest. There has been a tendency among French writers to get away from reality and to write of fanciful things, though, of course, nothing is quite so farcical as a French farce dealing with domestic complications. In Italy, however, love still rules the stage. A rare example of an Italian opera in which the love story is subordinated to things less sentimental is Leonini's "L'Oracolo," revived at the Metropolitan Opera House. The libretto, however, is taken from an American play, "The Cat and the Cherub," which, no doubt, accounts for the fact that a murderous Chinaman is permitted to hold the centre of the stage to the exclusion of a pair of youthful lovers. No doubt, too, this weak love interest accounts for the fact that "L'Oracolo" is more popular in America than in Italy.

But to revert to the English, imagine a Shaw play without a few jibes at married life, without long discussions of problems arising from unfortunate love affairs.

Shaw now and then pokes fun at the frailties of human love, but he always gives love a prominent place in his dramas.

Gilbert K. Chesterton in his fantastical comedy, "Magic," at the point where the lowly conjurer proposes marriage to the high-born heroine, instead of making specific remarks as to how the conjurer is to act, has merely inserted the following brief stage directions: "Do whatever passionate things people do on the stage." He knew that the actor would know just what to do.

ANDREAS PAVLEY and Serge Oukrainsky, two of Pavlova's best dancers, have in conjunction with George Barrère, organized a miniature Ballet Russe and chamber music orchestra. They were recently seen at a special performance at the Sleepy Hollow Country Club, Scarborough, L. I., and they will give public performances shortly in New York. Andreas Pavley resembles a young Greek god in point of classic and poetic beauty, and Serge Oukrainsky, is considered the supreme technical dancer of the day. He is the only male dancer to do toe dancing unaided by sandals or other support—and in his bare



feet. These two artists have planned many of the most famous ballets and divertissements of the modern ballet, and since leaving Pavlova have been among the artistic personnel of the Chicago Opera Co., where they presented the ballet "Cleopatre." The little company of artists which they have trained and recruited is the perfect complement of the miniature orchestra which has made a reputation as being the most perfect and interesting attraction on the concert stage. The orchestra is conducted by George Barrère, the greatest of the present-day players upon the flute



Photos Charlotte Fairchild

S O M E T H I N G N E W I N T H E B A L L E T

Andreas Pavley and Serge Oukrainsky, famous Russian dancers in miniature divertissements, each member of which is a feature, and the ensemble a perfect whole

DIARY OF A FAMOUS ACTOR



AN autograph diary kept by England's greatest actor, David Garrick, during a journey of himself and Mrs. Garrick to Paris in 1751 is indeed a treasure for the collectors to bargain for. And as it expresses in plain and sincere language Garrick's impressions of French theatres and actors of his time, as well as of other notable persons whose acquaintance he made, the autograph attains even wider interest. It is a small quarto of about thirty pages written in his own hand throughout and dated 1752 which would indicate that he had compiled it after his return from hasty notes made at the moment. The actor kept the diary by him and added notes on extraneous subjects to the main one as late as 1755.

This extraordinary autograph has led a vanishing existence, proving elusive to many of the countless biographers of the famous tragic-comedian, some of whom have doubted its existence, while others regretted that they had not had access to it. It is referred to by Fitzgerald who wrote the fullest and liveliest "Life of Garrick" (unhappily marred by inaccuracy) as the "Hill Ms.," it forming part of the "Hill" collection. And this may account for its evasiveness. Dr. or Sir John Hill who made the collection had no love for Garrick, whom he pestered for money and the production of his plays; and it is surmised that this man wilfully belittled the Ms. after gaining possession of it.



AN author of a "Life of Garrick," which he presented to the University of Paris as a thesis for the *doctorat ès Lettres*, so explained his non success in rediscovering the journal, and regretting that so interesting a document should disappear and "leave no trace behind." The truth most likely is that Garrick's personal interest was in his second visit to France, made in the fall of 1763, when he was fêted on all occasions and his triumphs as the acknowledged Roscius of England dulled the recollection of that first simple tour. Then he was nearly a private individual, knowing and known hardly at all, and his opinions in consequence may be more sincere than those he gave expression to later.

It is strange, however, that Garrick on this first visit developed so little sympathy for the French since he was himself of French descent, his grandfather—no farther back than that—having sought exile in England after the Edict of Nantes. The son of this old Huguenot, Peter Garrick, married an Irish lady and his second son became the celebrated actor. Nothing could have been more disagreeable to the Garrick family than a stage connection, for although very poor it was proud. Garrick, as is well known, for a long time after he went on the stage, kept up a pretense of anonymity. He was the "gentleman who had appeared only twice, etc.," and in this nameless way he made his glorious "hit" as Richard III at Goodman's Fields. These youthful poses had been laid aside and Garrick had enjoyed an enormous success for ten years before this trip to Paris was undertaken, in which he had surpassed the memory of Betterton and stood unrivalled at the top. His Lear, Hamlet, Macbeth, Romeo, were so great that they could be compared to each

other only and not to any predecessors' rendering of these rôles. But although so pre-eminent at home he was not the famous cosmopolite that he became after this journey. It is possible that he afterwards changed his views on matters French or politely concealed his real views of people who received him so politely and this change makes the autograph under examination even the more interesting. The manuscript is now one of the gems of the fine collection of Mr. Harry Houdini, the "handcuff king," to whose kindness we are indebted for the opportunity to quote from it.

But let us read the actor's notes.

"My wife, Mr. Denis and myself set out from London the 19th of May, Sunday, and we got to Paris the Thursday after (the 23rd). We made our passage from Dover to Boulogne in three hours and a half."

Mr. Denis was a celebrated surgeon of London. Another fellow traveler was Sir George Lewis who was afterwards murdered for money which he had on him in the forest of Bondy. This tragic event occurred towards the close of Garrick's stay in Paris. The actor suspected an Italian Count who was arrested but about to be released when Garrick dressed himself in the

not the least regard to them but cocked up their hats and whistled on."

The party reached the French capital May 23rd, the coach journey from the coast taking four days.

"We got to Paris, the 23rd, Thursday, between six and seven in the evening and did nothing that night but clean ourselves and stare out of the window of our Hotel d'Enragues which looks on the Palais Luxembourg."

The next day the visitors went to the Comedie Française. Garrick writes:

"The play was Molière's 'L'Ecole des Maris,' very ill acted but as a new tragedy called 'Zares' (Voltaire's 'Zaire'? Ed.) was acted for the first time the night before, and by the best actors, we saw none but the inferior ones in this play. The petite piece was 'Le Magnifique' (by Le Motte as they told me), taken from La Fontaine, an indifferent farce, and worse acted."

"Saturday, May 25th, I left my name at the Ambassador's (Lord Albemarle) and called upon Mr. Boyle. We went this evening to the Comedie Italienne and saw Marivaux's 'Fausse Suivante' with an entertainment of dancing called 'Le May.' The first was acted much better than 'L'Ecole des Maris,' but the dancing which has great success and was much approved of, would have been hissed off the English stage. The valet in the 'Fausse Suivante' had merit, but was at times very inattentive, which indeed seems to be almost a general fault."



THAT conditions on the French stage of that day were not greatly different from the stage of our own time is plainly shown by this significant comment:

"Molière's comedies scarcely bring a house and are generally acted by the inferior actors. Novelty is the greatest incitement to fill the house"

*Molière's comedies scarcely bring a house
are generally acted by the inferior actors.
Novelty is the greatest incitement to
fill the house.*

EXCERPT FROM THE GARRICK MS.

The famous English actor found theatrical conditions in Paris much the same as they are in our day. The "tired business man" was as potent a factor as now. "Molière's comedies," he writes, "scarcely bring a house and are generally acted by inferior actors. Novelty is the greatest incitement to fill the house"

murdered man's clothes and impersonated him so naturally to the prisoner that he broke down and confessed.

On landing in France something must have happened to ruffle the English actor's temper, for he writes:



ALL the French writers who have written about England complain of the brutality of our common people, but let 'em say or write what they will, I never yet saw so much dirt, beggary, imposition and impertinence as I did at Boulogne. The Custom House officers (notwithstanding the freedom of the port) were very uncivil and strict, and the Collector whom we went before, had our things (though my wife was with us) opened in the passage of his house and showed not the least politeness to her or us—as to what else passed at this place is of very little consequence. We could hardly get post horses and everything was as disagreeable as it could possibly be—"

"N.B.—I made an observation that the nearer we approached to Paris the post boys were less religious. All through Picardy and further the boys pulled off their hats to the Crucifixes which are set up at the ends of all the towns and villages, but within forty miles of Paris they showed

"May 27th we went to the French Comedy. The new tragedy 'Zares' (Voltaire's 'Zaire'?) was acted and 'The Aveugle Clairvoyant.' I can form no judgment yet of the genius of the performers, their manner both of speaking and acting being so different from what I have seen, and I think not agreeable to their own or any nature."

"N.B.—Mr. Kidby told me this morning that the King of France's bill for young peas, which he had a few weeks ago at Cressy came to sixteen thousand livres, and he was only there a few days."

In some of the multiple "lives" it is stated that Garrick was presented to Louis XV on this visit to Paris, but as the actor was not one to omit mentioning a thing which would have meant an event to him and only refers incidentally to the monarch and his court the story is probably without foundation in fact.

"May 28th. We went this night to the opera called 'Indes Galantes.' The show is great but the singing execrable. There was spirit and expression in the music and the dancing very well. The best actor I have seen hitherto is Chassée, the bass singer.

"May 29th. We went to the French Comedy and saw 'Rodogune' and 'Usurier Gentilhomme,' etc. Le Kain, the new actor seemed to me to have feeling and spirit. Dumesnil, the celebrated actress, has not

(Concluded on page 100)



From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

A striking personality of the films whose beauty has lent her considerable aid in her climb up the ladder of success

SEEING OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

By EDWIN CARTY RANCK



*"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."*

SO sang Bobbie Burns many years ago, never dreaming that a marvelous invention would some day gratify the desire that he expressed in verse. The motion picture camera is the power that has enabled many human beings, particularly actors, to see themselves as others have seen them. All of the mannerisms, all of the petty little peculiarities on which many a complacent actor had prided himself or herself, are mercilessly displayed in the clear white light of the "movie" camera. Tricks with the hands, facial gymnastics and other weird effects that the actor thinks are heaven-born gifts of genius, are shown to be absurdly ridiculous on the screen.

The actor cannot "four-flush" on the screen. He may be able to fool some of the people part of the time, and part of the people all the time, but he can't fool the lens of the camera at any time. That impartial critic shows him up just as he is "without one plea." It registers facts. He cannot appeal to a worshipful court with that constant whine about being misrepresented by the critics. He stands or falls on his own merits alone. The motion picture camera plays no favorites. It is as relentless and implacable as fate itself, and they who posture before its bright eye must, in the Broadway vernacular, "have the goods."



FOR this service to mankind the movies should be tendered a large and enthusiastic vote of thanks. Actors are, as a rule, the most egotistical folk atop the earth. If they once make a hit in some show, they are immune from criticism and must be treated as gods. The "eccentricities of genius" and that sort of thing, don't you know? In days gone by these eccentricities were considered valuable stage assets, but with the debut of the motion pictures they became excess baggage.

How things have changed since those "good old days!" The prominent star who saw himself or herself for the first time on the screen probably had a disagreeable shock. They were not the invincible heroes or heroines that they had hitherto imagined. In fact, they were merely common clay, and, in some instances, pretty poor clay at that. For the first time in their lives they stood face to face with themselves, and a few of us can see ourselves as we actually are and be conceited about it.

Many persons who saw Mme. Nazimova in her new play, "Ception Shoals" commented upon her unusual naturalness. Here was a new Nazimova—simple, unaffected, real. She had shed her mannerisms like a last year's gown. Why? What? It is all very simple. Mme. Nazimova has been in the movies. She has seen herself as others saw her for many years and the discovery has transformed her into an actress of simplicity and force. Those who saw her hysterical impersonation of the neurotic heroine of Ibsen's "Little Eyolf" a few years ago, would scarcely recognize her to-day as the same actress.

In "Our Mrs. McChesney," the play based on the Edna Ferber stories, Ethel Barrymore showed an improvement in her acting that was

commented upon by all of the critics. There was a reason. She had been in the movies. In returning to this form of acting she may have builded better than she knew. Miss Barrymore, as is well known, has as many mannerisms as a fish has scales. Will the camera do for her what it has done for Mme. Nazimova? Judging from the benefits she has already derived from her previous visit, it is not improbable that we shall some day see a new and far greater Barrymore.



THERE is no more conspicuous example of what the movies can do for an actress than Pauline Frederick. A few years ago when she was acting in "Joseph and His Brethren" she was chiefly admired by theatre-goers for her rare beauty, but her acting ability was obscured by her physical charm. In subsequent plays she had few opportunities to prove that she possessed brains as well as beauty. So, being an ambitious young person, Miss Frederick decided that she had had quite enough of this cloak-model style of acting and became a screen star. She has never regretted this important step. The movie camera disclosed her early limitations without prejudice and she learned things about herself from her first five-reel film that only arduous years of experience on the legitimate stage could have revealed.

Those who have seen Miss Frederick's amateurish acting in the screen version of "Zaza" and then watched her masterly impersonation of Donna Roma in "The Eternal City" must admit that no young actress on our stage has advanced more rapidly in her art. In "The Spider" and in other photoplays, Miss Frederick has proved herself to be an actress of exceptional merit. Her pantomime work in expressing emotions is particularly effective, and her ability to convey facially to an audience the thoughts that are passing through her mind is extraordinary. It is surely no exaggeration to say that five years of the hardest sort of work on the legitimate stage could not have done for Miss Frederick what the motion picture camera has accomplished for her in less than three.

If actors are earnestly striving for success on the legitimate stage there is no question that an apprenticeship served in a motion picture studio will greatly facilitate their chances, provided, of course, that they do not allow the movie virus to inoculate their entire system and poison them.



BUT while it is true that many actors have travelled from the legitimate stage to the screen and achieved success in this new field, it is equally true that few motion picture stars whose experience has been confined entirely to acting before the camera, ever make their mark on the legitimate stage. Their methods are invariably artificial and melodramatic. This has been proved by numerous instances on the New York stage where popular screen actors have demonstrated their utter inability to act naturally in plays of quiet emotional appeal. Their work was marked by over-emphasis and lack of restraint. They had no artistic background.

On the other hand, we could cite numerous instances where actors of mediocre ability on

the legitimate stage have become stars of the first magnitude in the movies. Some of the biggest names on photoplayhouse programs to-day belong to men and women who have failed to achieve distinction in the spoken drama. But many of these actors who were dumb in the spoken drama have talked eloquently to tens of thousands in the silent language of the screen.

Then there is the actor who succeeds in the legitimate profession, becomes a motion picture star for a while and then returns to the spoken drama and wins additional laurels. Nazimova is not the only one to accomplish this feat. There are Nance O'Neil and Florence Reed, whose acting in "The Wanderer" won high praise from all the New York critics. Both of these actresses have been starring in photoplays because they could not obtain suitable vehicles on the legitimate stage, and both found that the opportunities to study their own acting before the screen has greatly enhanced their value in the spoken drama.

Another actor who seems to have permanently abandoned the spoken drama in favor of the camera is Theodore Roberts, whose recent work in photoplays has been more artistic than anything he ever did while appearing in the flesh. We have never forgotten his wonderful visualization of Joe Portugais in the dramatization of "The Right of Way" when he and Guy Standing were co-stars. But marvelous as was his acting in that memorable production, it did not possess the ripeness and finish that mark his work as a motion picture star.



BUT the most remarkable example of all is Marguerite Clark, who was transformed by the magic glance of the movie camera into a full-fledged star almost over night. This little Dresden china actress was an ornamental piece of musical comedy bric-a-brac for many years. Then she deserted this form of entertainment and went into farce. It was a long jump from "Baby Mine" to "Prunella" but she made it successfully. Then came "Snow White," but even her success in this whimsical fairy play did not materially change her stage status. She was still "that cunning little Clark person." "Jump again!" something told her—and she did. This time she landed in the movies and woke up one fine morning to find her name sharing honors with all of the popular breakfast foods of the day.

The movies have re-created Marguerite Clark. She has gone steadily forward in her pantomimic art and is now outrivalled in popularity only by "the Maude Adams of the movies," otherwise known as Mary Pickford. She appeals to a far wider audience than she could ever have hoped to reach in the spoken drama. When she appeared in the elaborate production of "Snow White" at the Little Theatre a few years ago, playgoers paid two-dollars-and-a-half to see her. Last winter she was starred in a screen version of the same play in a popular Broadway motion picture theatre where the highest-priced seats sell for fifty cents. And her fifty-cent impersonation of the little princess was so immensely superior to her two-dollar-and-a-half one, that it provoked general comment.

Marie Doro never "found herself" until she became a motion picture star. On the legitimate stage she was

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Campbell Studio

Clare Whitney, of Fox film fame, thinks her almost human Marmoset monkey the cutest thing ever



Campbell Studio

After the silent drama Mary Pickford finds Poll's loquaciousness a distinct relief



ndstedt

An affectionate little Spaniel is the constant companion and soul mate of Kathleen Clifford



Apeda

When not acting for the screen Dorothy Kelly looks after the education of her Pekingese

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

The Pets of the Stars Make Their Dèbut

GETTING OLD SCENERY OUT OF THE TRENCHES

By CHARLTON ANDREWS



SOMEONE who ought to know has calculated that not more than ten or fifteen per cent. of the shows annually produced on Broadway are presented often enough to cause their scenery perceptible wear and tear. The settings for the other eighty-five or ninety per cent. go very promptly into the storehouse. And at least eighty-five per cent. of them prove worse than a total loss, in that they serve no purpose but to accumulate storage charges.

That is Fact Number One. Now for Fact Number Two. In these advanced days of serious thinking it is quite unnecessary to remind anybody of the almost limitless power of suggestion. Before it actual realities fade away into ineffectuality. Nothing succeeds like suggestion. The conscious mind, which feeds only on futile facts, has turned out to be a mere subsidiary of a faculty infinitely its superior—the subliminal self. What the mind does, comprehends, or instigates, is as nothing compared with the efficiency of the subconscious. And the subconscious, which really controls all our waking moments and in addition thereto works while we sleep, is accessible only through the medium of suggestion.

Properly understood and applied, therefore, suggestion is the key to human achievement. It works in myriad ways, as everybody knows, but it is supremely potent as environment. The romantic writers of the *Sturm und Drang* had a realization of this fact. They knew how susceptible to surroundings as well as to climatic conditions is the human soul. They understood how the subconscious mind is constantly being affected for weal or for woe by impulses from the outside, of which the stupid little consciousness is altogether unconscious. They realized that sanity, optimism, energy, resolution, and everything else worth while is largely dependent not only on the state of the barometer but on the character of the settings of daily existence. And something might have come of their investigations if only the blight of realism had not settled down upon the world early in the nineteenth century.



SO there you have the minor and the major premise and are ready for the syllogism:

Men are profoundly influenced by the character of the settings in which they play their parts.

The storehouses of New York are full of infinitely varied and almost new settings going to waste.

Therefore—

But why dally with the obvious? Let us hasten on to our practical plans.

Heaven only knows how many thousands of persons of means live—or think they are living—in New York (to say nothing of other cities) apartment houses. They spend millions of dollars on the furnishing and decorating of their six rooms and two baths, in the vast majority of cases achieving exhibitions of bad taste such as Madame Tussaud in her most delirious moments never dreamed of. But even in the minority cases where reasonably artistic and tasteful effects are intentionally or accidentally obtained, there is still the immense handicap of monotony. Few even in our day of war brides can afford to refurnish and redecorate with any degree of frequency, and most of us go on throughout a lifetime looking at the same old interiors. If we get a new rug once in ten years, new wall-paper every three or

four, and from time to time the old armchair reupholstered, we are lucky. For the rest, we must content ourselves with shifting the talking machine from the living-room to the *salle à manger*—and perhaps eventually to the basement.



AS you see very clearly, therefore, my proposal is that we utilize all this wealth of waste scenery—usually so much superior to the plays for which it was painted—for relieving the monotony of the home environment. And I at once meet the objection that it would be impractical to set up flats and wings in the modern already overcrowded apartment, by promptly acknowledging its undeniable truth. But—and that is the crux of the proposition—what is it that most of us apartment-dwellers see when we look out of our numerous purely conventional windows? Nothing but blank walls in ninety cases out of a hundred, relieved only by the exteriors of other purely conventional windows.

Now therein lies the big opportunity. Why not make these cheerless, dull, worse than merely negative outlooks the shrines of potent health-and-hope-giving suggestion?

The scheme unfolds itself before your imagination. "The world is too much with us," notes W. Wordsworth, meaning doubtless the world of the city. And the cure lies in Nature. Yet so few of us can afford to go to Nature, except for a trifle of hot and weary days of summer. Very well, then: bring Nature to us. Set up in the little court outside the dining-room windows a properly lighted cut-wood set with trees and rocks and a babbling brook. Then oxygenate the air by machinery and be healed by the magic of the vernal woods. It would be a priceless boom for invalids, to say nothing of us semi-invalids who constitute the city's population but are not yet regularly confined to our beds.

The knowledge of the unreality of the outlook would count for nothing. After a few days at most it would vanish, and suggestion would be working twenty-four hours a day. The possibility of monotony would be removed by the simple expedient of changing the set every Monday. You could have a forest this week, flocks grazing in a meadow the next, and Rip Van Winkle's haunts in the Catskills the week after. The range of choice would be unlimited. It might, indeed be determined by your physician's prescription—providing you had a physician, and he was a psychologist.

As a matter of fact, if you happen to be something of a self-analyst, you have probably discovered within yourself a certain range of moods which you could correct or accentuate by means of this new scheme. If it is always blue Monday to you, a bright spring landscape to look out on during breakfast would do wonders for you. Perhaps even you could arrange to relieve the dullness of your office or your workroom in a similar way. It would be a blessing to your employees and co-workers as well. Indeed the possibilities are unlimited when you begin to consider what could be done for factories, offices, and all the other haunts of labor. Employers have already tried the suggestive effects of music and good reading aloud, with much success. They have supplied attractive rest-rooms, too, but they are effective only during the brief intermissions of the day. Why not let this power of suggestion be at work all the time?

If a vase of flowers, a pitcher of mignonette, a row of plants on a window ledge, a canary in a cage, a bowl of goldfish can add so much to human happiness—and almost entirely through this medium of unconscious suggestion—what might not be accomplished by a complete vista of the great out-of-doors elaborated in all its details.

But, I hear someone say, you are talking altogether about outdoor sets, whereas the vast majority of stage scenes are interiors. Quite so, and there is use for these interiors as well. Take the poor man in his squalid tenement. Naturally he longs for luxury and refinement of surroundings. Of course he cannot have them in reality. Such things are not for him. And as practical reformers will testify, even were it possible, it would be useless to try to supply him with the accoutrements of the rich. He is such an unappreciative chap that he would merely put his dirty shoes on the richly carved mantel, use the piano as a refrigerator, store the winter's coal in the bath-tub, sell all the lead-pipe plumbing to the junk dealer, and degenerate into a shiftless parasite. Such is the futility of well-meant but injudicious charity.

Give the poor man an outlook from his kitchen window, not of interminable washings flapping drearily from infinite clothesline entanglements, however, but a glimpse of a Fifth Avenue drawing-room, with ormolu clocks and a statuette of the boy picking a thorn from his foot and oil paintings in huge gilded frames and rich hangings half-revealing vistas of other equally luxurious chambers—and you will have supplied all the yearnings of his soul without having done him the irreparable injury of pauperizing him.



AND *vice versa*. The millionaire in his palace, all hung around with Fragonards and near-Rubenses and mediæval copes and albs—surely he wearies of gazing ever at Chinese porcelains of the Third Dynasty, at trophies of arms from the days of Runnymede, at endless rows of extra-illustrated and hand-tooled volumes—those uncut gems of literature—surely he would be a relieved, a more charitable, a better man, if occasionally at least he might draw aside a brocaded tapestry and gaze out, not at the heavily barred windows of his fellow-millionaire and chief business rival, but at a realistic picture of a tenement-house kitchen or even of the living-room in the thirty-five-dollar apartment of one of his twenty-five-dollar-a-week clerks!

You will readily see that the possibilities of the scheme are endless. The idle man may cure himself of his proclivities by being always in the presence of a scene redolent of bustle and activity—say, a Wall Street broker's office, full of typewriters and filing-cabinets and ticker-tape, not forgetting the inverted green bottle of Mountain Bear drinking-water in the corner. The over-ambitious person may neutralize his waste energy by contemplating a complete picture of rural domesticity.

As the workings of suggestion are insidious, the power may be used upon others without arousing their suspicions. The husband who never comes home till three a. m., for instance, may be soothed into resignation by a view of a club poker room or say by the setting of the first act of "Salvation Nell." The wife who rarely sees the rear of her apartment might be effectually reminded of its existence by fre-

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From a portrait by Sarony

M A R I E F L Y N N

One of the chief reasons why "You're in Love" was one of the most popular of the musical plays this season. Possessed of daintiness, charm, and grace, Broadway only had to see her to make her one of its favorites



These Keystone players find rehearsals on California's sunny beach a decided improvement on the hot city studio



Else Alder is as happy riding a water toboggan as she was in the title rôle of "Miss Springtime"



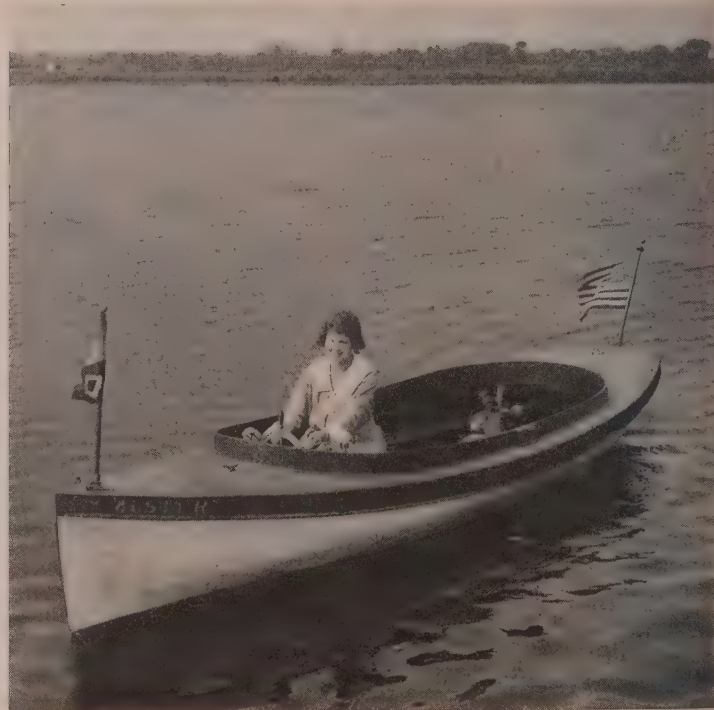
Mme. Frances Alda, of the Metropolitan, finds rowing a capital tonic for operatic work



Bessie Love of Triangle film, looks as cute in a bathing suit as she does in frocks and frills



When not acting for the screen Norma Talmadge enjoys ocean breezes at Beechhurst, L. I. Here she is seen resting after a long swim



Press Illustrating

At her beautiful summer home at Amityville, L. I., Hazel Dawn can indulge her love of boating. An expert navigator, she often takes a long run up the Sound

THE LURE OF THE WATER

Boating and bathing do wonders in making the artiste fit for the coming season's hard work



Press Ill. Service

Mary Nash is a firm believer in reducing the high cost of living



White

Leo Ditrichstein's maxim has always been: "make hay while the sun shines"



Press Ill. Service

While the men go to the trenches Mary West paints the old barn



White

Elsie Janis holds centre stage on her farm as well as in the theatre

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT

Patriotic farmwork engages the attention of Broadway favorites

BEAUTY UNNECESSARY FOR STAGE SUCCESS

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON



NOT all beautiful women want to be actresses, but it is safe to say that all actresses want to be beautiful women. No one, to be sure, has ever satisfactorily defined beauty, and probably there were not wanting those, especially among the members of her own sex, who thought that Helen of Troy wasn't much to look at. You may prefer plump women, I may like them thin; you may admire red hair, while I may dislike it. But the fact remains that certain girls fill their dance cards early while others sit against the wall, certain women cause men to turn and stare while others walk down the Avenue without disturbing traffic in the least, certain favored females have taken their place in history not because of their deeds but their looks. *"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships And burned the topless towers of Ilium?"*

And it must be confessed that the average mortal, if asked to spend an entire evening contemplating a female, would prefer, other things being equal, to contemplate Helen of Troy or Cleopatra rather than the mother of the Gracchi or Martha Washington. He would prefer it, other things not being equal, in fact.

Hence the actress, who has to be contemplated for an entire evening, and receives a salary in proportion to her ability to attract contemplators, desires extremely to be beautiful. She cuts potatoes and sugar out of her diet that her too, too solid flesh may melt, she rolls twenty times across her chamber every day to keep her figure, she invokes the aid of the hair dresser, the gown designer, the chemist. She does everything, in fact, to preserve or increase her beauty, except, of course, living a normal life with plenty of outdoor exercise—that is too much of a price to pay, even for beauty!



THE literature and folk-lore of the world is full of wise proverbs to prove that beauty is only skin deep (or, in a musical comedy, only shin deep), that beauty fades while character abides, that the soul is more important than the face. "The eyes love beauty, the heart loves wisdom," says the Hindoo adage. "The ugliest woman is the best housewife," says the Spanish. All of which may be true—doubtless is. But it has no effect on the fundamental fact that when we go to a dance we prefer a pretty partner, and when we go to the theatre we prefer a pretty actress. It is so fundamental a fact that it needs no comment. Its truth simply cannot be questioned.

It follows, then, that good looks must often play a considerable part in the success of an actress—and, to a much smaller degree, in the success of an actor. Good looks, to be sure, can add nothing to the player's skill, to her imagination, to her sensitiveness, to emotion; but they can add to her personal charm; and because it is so difficult to dissociate personal charm from acting skill, to say in a given performance how much of our pleasure is due to the actor's objective art and how much to his or her personality, it is quite possible that many a reputation is based on beauty far more than on proficiency. It takes great skill to make the plain player recognized as a star. It takes very little, oftentimes, to put the name of the pretty player into electric lights on the front of the theatre. Witness Billie Burke!

And yet the greatest actress America has yet produced was the homeliest of women; she is dead now, and we can say it in so many words.

Her name was Charlotte Cushman. Since nobody could have gone to the theatre to contemplate her beauty, they must have gone to enjoy her art. Having no beauty to interfere, it was perhaps all the easier to appreciate her technical proficiency. Her lack of comeliness may have aided her reputation as an artist. It is curious how often in writing about acting we come upon a paradox. This is one of them. An actress desires to be beautiful, beauty is a precious asset; yet the very beauty she covets may stand in the way of public appreciation of her talents, it may blind people to her histrionic skill, just as it may also blind them to her lack of skill.



MAXINE ELLIOTT, for example, who was one of the most beautiful women of our generation (we say "was," because she has retired from the stage), never got the credit for her considerable acting ability, even from those people who should have been able to distinguish it. She was so stately and fair to look upon that thousands came to admire, and even in plays which fared badly in New York, she could tour the country cleaning up \$80,000 a season. Of course, if people had stopped to reflect, they would have realized that her plays were always presented with an air of well bred distinction, that her own performance, if never thrilling, was certainly always pleasing, clear-cut, and eminently tactful. A great actress she certainly was not, but she was an extremely competent stage director and within her range of polite comedy she was technically proficient above most of her rivals. Yet she was so famous as a beauty that the average theatregoer thought he was pleased entirely by his eye, and it was generally affirmed that she "always played herself," which was one way of saying that she couldn't act. If Miss Elliott had been less beautiful, she would undoubtedly have been more esteemed for her skill.

It is rather interesting to make up a little list of prominent actresses, classified according to their looks, and to try to see how far beauty or the lack of it has been a help or a handicap. We should be rather surprised if you didn't discover that the players who, on the whole, have lacked the aid of an obvious physical allurements, have actually achieved the solidest reputations. There is Sarah Bernhardt, for example! And Réjane, and Simone. The marvelous Sarah, most famous actress in the world, is certainly not a beauty, and never has been in the twenty-five years that I can remember her. I have seen her look lovely as the passions of a character swept over her face and electrified her figure. But beautiful she herself never was. No more was Réjane.



LET us consider a few more of the admittedly fine actresses of our day. Of course, we must start with Mrs. Fiske. Interesting, alert, piquant—but hardly beautiful in the common use of the word. She has never known how to dress, lacking Miss Marie Tempest's ability in that respect. Her success has come, assuredly, from her great artistic gifts. Miss Margaret Anglin is one of our leading players, also. She is finely chiseled of feature, even patrician; but one would hardly call her beautiful, until she puts on the mourning robes of Electra and speaks her tragic woe.

Certainly she has had no such aids to popularity as Miss Elliott.

Nazimova certainly is interesting; "a tiger cat in the leash of art," James Huneker called her, paraphrasing Lewis's description of that other Jewish actress, Rachel. But to the Saxon eye, at least, Nazimova is hardly beautiful. She is not even stately. She is small of stature, and has not hesitated again and again to make herself positively plain. It is true, of course, that she also has the faculty of making herself alluring to the masculine beholder. But even here it is a question how much is due to art and how much to nature. Certainly, on the whole, art has played the larger part in her success.

Laurette Taylor, one of the most popular of our native actresses, is not a beauty. Personally, we don't think she is even pretty. You may dispute this if you like; it really doesn't matter. The moment she begins to play a scene of comedy, who cares? She is too interesting to raise the question then. She has charm and skill, and they serve her well enough. It seems to memory as if she was pretty when she played Peg, very pretty, yet it was Peg who was pretty, perhaps, not she.

How about Duse? We used to think this marvelous woman was the loveliest creature we had ever looked upon when we saw her on the stage. We unhesitatingly pronounced her a beauty. Yet how far was this beauty the result of emotions written out on her sensitive, almost ethereal face? How far was it a part of our own emotions at the play? Just now we have been looking at some photographs of her, and she seems rather plain. Certainly, if we didn't know whom they represented, we should never be tempted to put them up on our dresser.



WAS Ellen Terry a beauty? As Portia, yes—the dearest, finest, prettiest creature ever seen. Yet didn't she have a snub nose? Certainly Irene Vanbrough isn't a beauty, nor Mary Shaw, nor Mary Nash, nor Marie Tempest, nor, in the movies, Mae Marsh and Mary Pickford—two of the best. Possibly you might stretch a point, and call Mary pretty, or at any rate pleasant to look at. But she isn't a beauty, surely. Yet she is the queen of the films, by virtue of her ability to express emotions effectively in front of the camera.

Then there is Yvette Guilbert, greatest artist in the world as a singer of little song dramas. She is distinctly plain. Even her hands are plain—nice, comfortable, kindly, capable hands. Yet when she comes out on the stage to sing, when her hands begin to gesture, she is transformed into a creature of indescribable charm, and those hands are the most expressive hands in the universe. The artist in her completely triumphs.

Of course, there is a moment in the life of every woman when she is beautiful, and the great actress, finding those moments in the life of the character represented, is, if need be, transfigured. As the lover sees only beauty in the face he bends above, the audience see loveliness in this woman who has captured their sympathies, their imaginations. One can hardly call Maude Adams a beauty, for example, yet the public adores her, and when she dresses herself up and pretends to be a fairy princess in "A Kiss for Cinderella," coming triumphantly down to charm the prince, she holds the enraptured gaze of her worshipers, who see her

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From a portrait by Sarony

J U S T I N E J O H N S T O N E

New York's super show girl, and the
reigning spirit of Justine Johnstone's
Little Club, atop the 44th Street Theatre

THE FAILURE OF THE LITTLE THEATRES

By MAXWELL PARRY

DIRECTOR OF THE LITTLE THEATRE OF INDIANA



FIFTEEN of us from the Washington Square Players have been going up and down the provinces these last six months in a repertory of our playlets, spreading the good news of dramatic freedom. We have dared as far North as Montreal and as far South as Atlanta, accumulating the most delightful and ghastly adventures. There's no kind of stage that we haven't played on from hippodrome to rickety tables and there's no sort of audience, from zero to bloodheat, that we haven't met. We have played to the patronizing chilliness of over-dressed society, to the roars of Canada's soldiers, to all the known varieties of Drama Leagues, to school children and their shocked teachers, to the joyous whoop-'em-up sons of colleges and to those lost tribes that live in one-night stands out on the fringes of nowhere and come and sit in heavy silence, filled with a wild surmise.

The handsome privilege of the trip has been an inside look at most of the little theatres of the country. Often we played on their stages—for two weeks at Philadelphia and for nearly two months at Chicago. We were the guests of the Wisconsin Players and came into personal contact with the little theatres of St. Louis, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Milwaukee. And I must confess that outside of the interesting things that some of them have been trying to do, the general impression of them all is a nightmare of bankruptcy.

There doesn't seem to be a little theatre in this whole land that isn't being choked to death by its unpaid bills. If there is financial relief in sight it must be unlimited or the awful agonies will begin again shortly, for the condition seems to have become chronic and under the present methods of operating apparently inevitable. No rural melodrama with its mortgage due at the end of the second act was ever more pitiful than this. Wherever we went the confidences of the directors were always of the same tenor—that they were awfully in the hole, that they were having a fearful time holding the players together, that the local public wasn't supporting them properly and that they were feeling around for the most graceful way to close things up.

Of course, this will be horrible news to those who are shouting for the movement since their information would seem to be directly to the contrary. The Drama League publications and the paid lecturers as well as the magazines at large are all giving out glowing tales of little theatre prosperity. If your own is in bad you can at least infer that all the others appear to be doing exceedingly well. And to those who don't know, these highly colored accounts demonstrate that the little theatre is failure-proof if not actually profitable. Many towns are gaily diving into the venture on this assumption of assured success. For them I propose that we shed a silent tear. The actual bitter truth is that the little theatres of this country, outside of New York, are grand commercial failures with starvation dead ahead and anyone who is aggravating a little theatre into existence with the idea of even paying expenses deserves a medal for perfect optimism. The perfect optimist, you know, is the fellow who falls from a ten-story building and when he passes the fifth floor they hear him say: "Well, so far so good!"

Luckily for the Philadelphians their theatre was built by a generous individual and their large deficits made up by her with what seems to me the acme of cheerful benevolence. They have tried again and again to make the house pay for itself, once with a repertory company under such skillful directorship as that of B. Iden Payne, but it was only another lunge at the impossible. In Chicago, Maurice Browne has been sorely beset financially. I have heard it whispered how many thousands his miniature playhouse is behind and it's almost enough to start a country bank. The Wisconsin Players were so harassed by their financial woes that they were preparing for a receiver, and some indeed were anxious to have it granted before nervous prostration should overtake their leading spirit. In St. Louis they were closing their season, unable to carry their semi-professional company any longer. They have had tough sledding in Cincinnati and the season at Indianapolis has been one dismal brainstorm.

The success of the companies abroad is constantly held up as an incentive. We are flattered with the triumphs of the Irish Players and the Manchester Players and the small art theatres of Paris, Berlin and Petrograd. But the closer we come to them the thicker troubles begin to cluster. The Irish Players, for example, could never have pulled through their first tumultuous season but for the financial assistance of Lady Gregory, notwithstanding the fact that they had Shaw and Yeats working for them. The Manchester Players had Miss Horniman behind them as a remarkable provider in every way.



THE Washington Square Players have had their "angel" right along too. Their beginnings were made possible by a group of very astute and able young people, including an indefatigable press woman, who were willing to work for nothing. Most of them are graduates of Columbia and they know a good play when they read one as well as how to mount it cleverly. There in New York they have the largest field of talent to draw from and yet their acting is their weakest point. Imagine, then, what chance the average small town stands of getting together a company from its own community. Luckily for the Washington Square Players the public is willing to overlook the acting for the thrill of novelty and intelligence that their plays usually show. Even so there have been times when they would have been hard hit but for the goodness of their wealthy friend. Last summer when they moved down to the Comedy Theatre on Forty-first Street they found themselves playing to vast emptiness and the gloom grew thicker and thicker until their second bill brought the Japanese play, "Bushido," to light. It saved their lives and ran for a long time to exceptional business.

The Portmanteau Theatre is the property of Stuart Walker who has kept it going out of his pocket during its lean years. This season with his startling Dunsany offerings, especially "The Gods of the Mountain," he has made good in New York and on the road. With typical foresight he is going to hold his company together through the summer as a stock enterprise.

Out of all this personal contact I have been forced to the conclusion that the ordinary little theatre has no business trying to be self-supporting. As soon as it decides to exist on its box-office receipts it is driven into a series of fatal errors. It plans out a season of productions, say, a new bill each month, and then it begins to look around for something worth producing, for someone to produce it and for a few idle but vivid souls willing to play in it—otherwise everything is all set. That used to be the cheerful method of the poor actor who had the habit of ordering a many-course dinner, insisting on oysters first, hoping that he might find a pearl big enough to pay for the meal.

There, to my mind, is the prime mistake of all the little theatres. *They have been wishing too much on themselves.* They have been trying to run dramatic marathons, with deplorable results to their ways and means committees. You might think there was some merciless compulsion on the part of the public, where in reality the public hasn't any feeling in the matter at all unless it be the never-dying hope for an interesting evening. Sometimes the public might be rather relieved to hear that the season was going to be a short and merry one.

The avowed purpose of every little theatre ought to be to experiment, not to make money. It ought to serve as a local workshop for dramatic material, not as a sweatshop. When there's nothing special to do it oughtn't to do anything, and when something good comes along it ought to try it out for all it's worth. But from every standpoint it is better to put on one play, and one only, and really do something with it than to give ever so long a season of half-baked productions. For the talent of any community will respond to the idea of a single effective production wherein everyone is to do his mightiest, but it will shy at the idea of getting tied up to an exhausting series. The little theatre that knows what's good for it will keep its doors closed to the public until it has something worth while to offer, and when the public has had enough of this offering the doors will be closed again until another play of imperative worth is ready. The matter of production is no joke. It's as hard to build a play and make it go as it is to build an automobile and make it hit on all twelve cylinders.

Questionable as the present methods of the little theatres may be, the idea itself is *right*. It is the artistic intelligence of the world asserting itself in a free theatre: It is the people everywhere, the real people, taking over the theatre to themselves. When the news came of what fanciful things Barker was doing for the Stage Society in London, what realism Strindberg was giving in his *Théâtre Intime* at Stockholm, what delightful and revolutionary things Antoine was doing at the *Théâtre Libre* in Paris, what triumphs of novelty were being shown in the Seagull Theatre at Moscow, and what smashing effects Reinhardt was achieving at Berlin—when news came of these actual accomplishments in little playhouses of Europe it seemed as if we had been waiting for this since the beginning of time. Then the Irish Players began to make a noise and the Manchester Players called for attention. Donald

(Concluded on page 110)

Scene in a photograph gallery. Leon Errol as the commuter, and Raymond Hitchcock as the photographer



Photos Pach



GRACE LA RUE
The Bride of To-day



WILLIAM ROCK AND FRANCES WHITE
Singing "My Best Girl's a Corker"



ADELAIDE WINTHROP (Comedienne)



IRENE BORDONI
As Claire de Bouillon in French songs

SOME OF THE FAVORITES IN "HITCHY-KOO" THE NEW MUSICAL REVUE

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

By DAVID WARFIELD



THREE times, on three separate sheets of virgin white paper, I have set down the earliest possible event in my history:—I was born in San Francisco, in November, 1866.

This seems the logical way to begin the painful task of writing about myself, but when I recall the fact that the THEATRE MAGAZINE has asked me to write a few personal reminiscences, I feel not quite certain that I am on the right track, for of the event recorded above, I have no "personal reminiscence"—the matter is one of mere hearsay. And in the real sense of dramatic birth, I ought to record my entrance into life as having taken place in December, 1900—the date of my first serious interview with David Belasco, my professional guide, brother comrade and inspiration. But if I begin writing about my friend and manager I shall never stop—so, much against my will I return to such reminiscings as I can record prior to my second birth.

When men talk about the young American writers, now-a-days, they invariably refer to the pen-and-ink belt that section of Indiana which gave Booth Tarkington, General Lew Wallace, George Ade and numbers of red-blooded men to the field of letters. And in the same sense San Francisco, in the '70's and early '80's deserves to be called the footlight belt since the Coast contributed to the drama such men as John McCullough, Frank Mayo, David Belasco and a host of giants whose earlier training was received in one or another of the famous organizations which made San Francisco in those days the capital of the American stage. The 'Frisco boy in those days who was unable to spout Virginius à la McCullough, Davy Crockett à la Frank Mayo and Othello à la Salvini was felt to be a mistake and a miserable outsider, and like most of the lads of my own age I considered myself a critic of the drama in my very earliest 'teens. I may say that if I knew, to-day, half as much as I thought I knew at the ripe age of fifteen I should be equipped to give lessons to all the actors and managers in America.



I DO not recall the date of my formal entry into active theatrical life, but I first gratified my own thirst for the stage by quenching that of audiences at the old Bush Street Theatre in the capacity of water boy. Before long I was promoted to the exalted position of usher at the same temple of the drama, and in this field I was, I believe, a conspicuous success in the judgment of my fellow artists, inasmuch as I could make more noise slamming down seats than any other usher in the business.

In those halcyon days and nights, I was able to see a great deal of fine acting by the noted players of the Coast, and of course, I felt sure that I could eclipse the best of them, if only chance would give me the opportunity of spending my evenings on the other side of the footlights. It was my impression that Virginius, Claude Melnotte and the whole round of classic Shakespearean rôles were clearly written for me, and it seems to me, as I look back on the foolish little fellow of that time, that there were really two

chaps named Warfield. One of them a noisy young slammer-down of seats, and the other a romantic actor who made a louder noise in the world of dreams than did his other self in the realm of reality.

But it was not in any of the heroic rôles that my stage début was really accomplished. My chance to develop what I was pleased to call my talent for classic acting, came in 1888, when, as a stop gap in a case of emergency, I was sent for

company without visible regret to the management, and tried out as by fire in a series of engagements in variety theatres and road companies for a couple of years.

During this time, I am happy to say the opinion of my friends regarding my work underwent a subtle but clearly defined change. My former fellows in the usher class began to show less hauteur toward my efforts; and I am glad to set down the fact that my own judgment also suffered a complete reverse.

The end of my second year on the stage found me willing to acknowledge that several hundred miles separated me from the stars I studied in the California firmament.

Having scored a mild success in the rôle of Hiram Joskins in "The Inspector," I believed myself fitted for a trial at the drama in New York and in 1891—April 20th was the exact date—my metropolitan début was accomplished in a minor rôle in "O'Dowd's Neighbors,"—a dramatic gem which had its home in the old Windsor Theatre on the Bowery. In "O'Dowd's Neighbors," I essayed the rôle of Honora

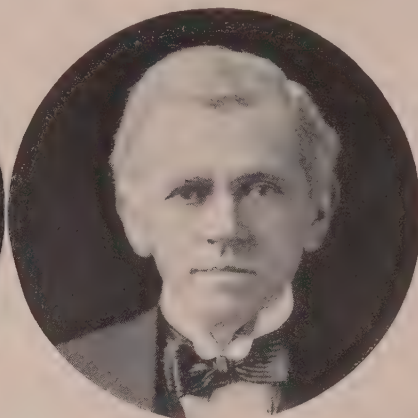
O'Grady, making my New York bow in the rôle of an Irish woman.

The following season I changed my name to Smith, playing the part of John Smith in "The City Directory." A tour with "The City Directory" lasted until February, 1893, when I assumed the patriotic name of George Washington Littlehales in "A Nutmeg Match."

I believe I have forgotten to state that my very early boyhood was more or less blighted by the dire prophesy of an itinerant phrenologist who, after running his prophetic fingers over my cranial bumps, presented me with a document setting forth among other things that I was "more or less psychic." At the time I received this diploma I believed that p-s-y-c-h-i-c spelled "fishkick," and had a vague notion that I was in some way destined to a career associated with the finny tribe.



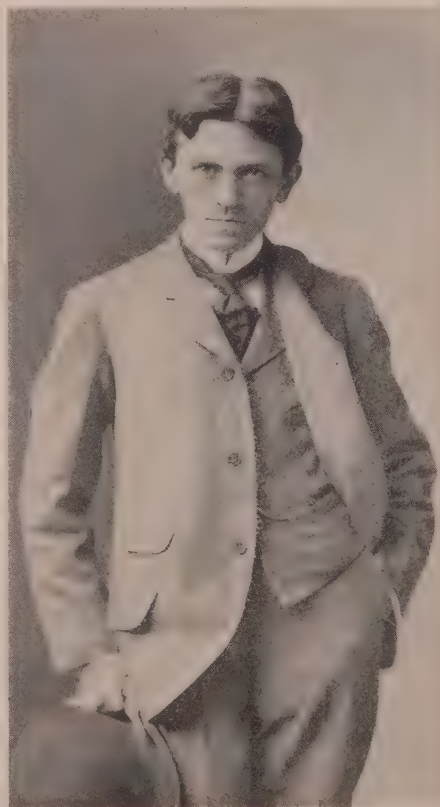
I MENTION this fact here because the only psychic tinge in my professional life was the fact that while still an usher in San Francisco, I belonged to a secret society, whose membership was composed of lads in the same line of endeavor. We called ourselves "The Motto Club" and each member was obliged to show fitness for an alliance with the order by inventing a three-word phrase which he adopted as his watchword in life. My own motto was "The Merry World," and the sole, single and only evidence of any psychic pre-vision I have ever exhibited lies in the fact that "The Merry World," which certainly held little meaning as a motto, was the title of the first play which entitled me to feel that I had at last gained a foothold on the first rung of the dramatic ladder—that wonderful ladder of dreams by which every beginner on the stage hopes to mount to dizzy delicious heights. And even the most ardent of occultists could scarcely find anything psychic in that remote connection, I am afraid.



Moffett

David Warfield—the boy and the man

from the "front of the house," to appear in the rôle of Melter Moss in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man." The sternest, justest critics of those days were to be found in the ushers of the various theatres. They knew acting "from A to Izzard," as Frank Mayo used to say, and it was the unanimous verdict of the guild that my dramatic début was a flivver—a disgrace to the profession of usher. I rather incline to the belief that they were right. At any rate, I was released from the



Falk

In 1898 when he first reached Broadway



© Falk
As the peddler in "The Merry World"

But I ramble ahead of my story. After "The Nutmeg Match," I became a member of the company at the Casino, which presented a series of revues, travesties and musical comedies. Under the management of George W. Lederer I was assigned character comedy rôles in the whole round of productions. The first of these, "About Town," was followed by "The Merry World," in which I played the part of a Hebrew peddler whom the biting lash of Fate punished relentlessly. This was my first real opportunity in New York, and in a way I owe my good fortune to the kindly powers that gave me that part, since it drew the attention of David Belasco to my work.

"The Merry World" was followed by "In Gay New York," "The Whirl of the Town" and "The Belle of New York," in all of which I was cast for rôles of varied character. After that came the happy days when I was a member of the classic little company at Weber and Fields Music Hall.



SUCH a company as was assembled under the banner of the "Weberfields" never, I am sure before or since made laughter for New York audiences.

Fay Templeton—was ever such an artist?—Lillian Russell, the incomparable team of Weber and Fields themselves, DeWolf Hopper, Peter F. Dailey, Charles Ross and Mabel Fenton, Bessie Clayton, "Willie" Collier, Louise Allen-Collier, John T. Kelly, Charles Bigelow—the list only begins with these names and it comprised many others. It was the policy of the generous firm of Weber and Fields, to encourage every member of their company to "write in his own hit"—the phrase is Pete Dailey's—and go as far as he liked.

I cannot say that I wrote very much into my rôles, in fact I was far too pre-occupied with admiring my associates and congratulating myself on belonging to so glorious a fellowship. The

various travesties and revues of those days, burlesques of current plays and gay little mockeries at political and social events touched high water mark in clean, neat merrymaking, with a thrust now and then at the very quick of life, and were admirably fitted to develop all there was of dramatic grasp in a man. It would have been a dull actor indeed who failed of growth in such a school, and so I venture to hope that the Weber and Fields engagement held profit as well as happiness for a young chap from California who had the good fortune to mix with the stars of that memorable little theatre.



CATHERINE," "Barbara Fidgety," "The Geizzer" (do you recognize "The Geisha" under that title?) "Fiddle de Dee" and other pieces were produced by the travesty actors at the Weberfields and all New York made itself at home in the little Music Hall. It was the established fashion of that company to adopt stars as members and to send its members forth as stars "on their own," and it was in conformity with this practice that the foremost of American producers invited me to leave the organization and enter his organization.

Even now I cannot set down with calmness the wonder and happy terror that thrilled me when I captured a contract with Mr. Belasco at the close of my engagement with the Weber and Fields company. As I come to the writing down of this event after sixteen years of fortunate association with the greatest, the most sympathetic, the most constructive and intellectual of stage directors, the same suffocating heart throb



© Falk

As "The Music Master"

that forbade me to say more than a mumbled "Yes" or "No" during my first interview with Mr. Belasco catches my breath again.

"The Auctioneer" was the first play in which Mr. Belasco placed me. For myself, I quaked with misgiving as to my success all through rehearsals, and the doubts I felt as to my fitness for stellar distinction were more than confirmed at the initial out-of-town performances.

Notwithstanding the capital work of the fine company with which Mr. Belasco had surrounded me, my first appearance as a star was a distinct failure. I knew it: the company knew it: audiences knew it: the author knew it. But there is no such grim word as fail in the bright lexicon of David Belasco. With inspired changes here and there, with inspiring suggestions to his feebly twinkling star, with inspiring encouragement to all of us, he waved away my wish that he face the worst and disband the company at once, and "The Auctioneer," bent and bowed in fearful dread of a Metropolitan verdict, came stumbling into New York. Ah, that night!

From the rise of the curtain success was in the

air, and the verdict of the out-of-town "dog" was completely reversed by the favor with which Broadway received the piece. Upon my word, I do not know yet which judgment was right. But in a sort of daze, I altered my decision to quit the legitimate stage and return to vaudeville or travesty.

From the first night of "The Auctioneer,"—New York—September 23, 1901, really begins my professional work—all that preceded was but a preparation for the place Mr. Belasco created for me. Pleasant preparation, and wonderfully valuable; not a night of it would I forget or undervalue. But my "Personal Reminiscences" date from the première of "The Auctioneer" at the old Bijou.



DURING my extended alliance with Mr. Belasco I have appeared in very few plays, "The Auctioneer" (1901) "The Music Master" (1904) "A Grand Army Man" (1906) "The Return of Peter Grimm" (1911) after revivals of "The Music Master," and "Vanderdecken," produced this season, but not yet brought to New York, complete the cycle of visible accomplishment. But no one may be associated with Mr. Belasco, and content himself with the mere things that sum up his public work, and I should fall very short of the opportunities given me, if my apparent repertoire summed up the total of parts I have studied and sought to assimilate during the past fifteen years. And the more I study the things of the stage, the more profoundly I respect the actor's calling, the more glad and grateful I am that from water boy to the man who carries the key to the star dressing room, the life of the theatre has been my life, the trials and rewards of the theatre have been my trials, my rewards and above all that the great master of the theatre has been my master, and I am glad and proud to end as I began these reminiscences with the shining name of the overlord of the American stage, David Belasco.



In "The Auctioneer"

STAGE MONEY

By HELEN TEN BROECK



THESE are the "Palmy Days" of the drama, and if you don't believe it, I challenge you to address the Treasury Department of these awakening United States and find out for yourself that no other profession subscribed anything approaching the robust millions invested by actors and actresses in bonds of our recent Liberty Loan.

As a child I was taught to respect gray hairs and to listen without contradiction to all pearls of wisdom that fell from the lips of age and experience; but when I hear any grand old-timer of the stage bewail the passing of the "palmy days" I snort violently and exit hastily L. U. E.

In the "palmy days" as recorded even by such stars of that illumined period as Macready and Charlotte Cushman, the average actor was a stalking beacon of ill-fed poverty whose tatters were pathetic or funny according to the viewpoint of the beholder. When his company went to pieces, as it did if the public frowned, the palmy-day actor walked home.

That is he walked; "home" was only a stage word in his vocabulary.

To-day the average actor is a well paid person, who can afford to "hold out" in the phrase of his guild through entire seasons of idleness rather than "cut" his salary to secure an engagement. That is the *average* actor. The individual player is frequently a plutocrat with a city home, a country home and such pomp and circumstance of enviroing wealth as are indicated by automobiles, motor boats and sometimes aeroplanes. The poor player? Tush and piffle. There is no such animal.



TAKE a little journey across Staten Island to the Actors' Fund Home. All the inmates of that charming villa are old-timers who upheld the drama in those traditional palmy days. They were honest and talented, they worked as no actor of to-day knows the word, and their reward is a home overlooking New York Harbor but beyond ear-shot of the pleasant roar of Broadway. Only a few years ago one spoke with bated breath of Lotta and Joseph Jefferson, of Francis Wilson and Joseph Murphy, and Adelina Patti as stage stars who by thrift and care had accumulated a round million. To-day that quintette of capitalists stands quite eclipsed by dozens and dozens of players whose wealth is greater than theirs. In the millionaire class are George M. Cohan, William Gillette, Maude Adams, John Drew, and May Irwin as a matter of course, but there are many others in the plutocratic ranks of more or less bloated bond holders.

James K. Hackett holds his million and more by inheritance, but he made and lost a fortune as an actor before he fell heir to his present wealth. Maude Adams has earned her big fortune by hard work; but she has conserved and increased it by judicious investments. It is said with what truth I am unable to state that when the late Charles Frohman died after a long period in which ill health had just passed to clear a way for what looked like a bright future, his estate was found so involved that it seemed that valuable holdings must be sacrificed to extricate his affairs from confusion. Miss Adams, the story goes, feeling that all she owned was due to Mr. Frohman's managerial shrewdness, relinquished a claim of more than a quarter of a

million dollars against his estate without seriously impairing her own financial standing.

William Gillette's fortune comes chiefly through his work as a successful comedian, although royalties upon countless farces and comedy-dramas have placed him far beyond fear of hearing the scratch of the wolf on his door mat. John Drew has probably got more out of life than any of his American stage brothers. He has lived handsomely, enjoyed the friendship of the most sought for men and women here and abroad, has gratified fine tastes in the way of art and literature and even if his treasures of mind and memory count for nothing, is still from the standpoint of the mere material dollar mark "a man of round big fortune."



WILLIAM H. CRANE is another actor who tosses the bush at the statement that other days were palmier than these. During a long and honorable career on the American stage, Mr. Crane has earned and kept a fine fortune. David Warfield, of course, is something more than a millionaire. His vast earnings alone would have placed the beloved Music Master in the plutocrat class, but he foresaw the wonderful advance lying before "canned music" and fortunate investments in various mechanical devices along that line made him a magnate in "slot machines" years ago.

Judicious investments in New York real estate have given Miss May Irwin a care-free attitude toward the future. Blanche Bates strenuously denies the accusation made by her friends that she belongs to the millionaire class, but it is known that well-considered investments have made her a very rich woman, and at the call for Liberty Bond subscribers, Miss Bates responded with a large investment, following it later with a second subscription of ten thousand dollars which she "happened" to find lying idle around the house, somewhere.

Miss Billie Burke is another actress who was able to place certificates for a small fortune in Liberty Bonds in her strong box a few days ago. Miss Burke is credited with being able to command something more than a million dollars in an emergency, and so is Maxine Elliott who owns property in Mayfair (I'm afraid Mayfair taxes eat up that income just now,) as well as in the Fifth Avenue district in New York.



KELLAR, the magician, retired several years ago with a fortune well over the million dollar mark, and of course, Chauncey Olcott's golden voice has been turned into stocks and bonds and real estate that set him firmly among the solid capitalists of the stage. Fannie Ward was rich as an actress before her enormous earnings on the film made her a member of the Croesus Club. A very rich girl, too, is Miss Jane Cowl. Figure to yourself that Miss Cowl has worked both summer and winter since her debut some ten years or so ago, and that her great earnings have been invested with magnificent care, and it is easy to realize that with a summer on the screen before her and royalties from two plays assured for next season, Miss Cowl can contemplate the high cost of living without visible shudders.

Margaret Mayo is another actress in the mil-

lion dollar class, although it is from royalties upon a number of extraordinarily successful plays that the foundation of Miss Mayo's wealth rests. However, as Miss Mayo described herself as an actress in the recent war census, I suppose she must be aligned with the plutocratic thespians.

Collectors of the income tax are deeply interested in the fortune of Miss Grace George which is conceded to be a very large one. As Miss George's interests have the advantage of being guarded by William Brady, a man of marked financial gifts, it is easy to believe that she can well afford to take life easily these days, and invest in all the Liberty Bonds she likes.

Among eminently solid citizens whose bank accounts and safe deposit boxes bulge with stage money are John Mason who has earned vast sums within immediately recent years; Julian Eltinge who has never had a losing season as a star; Robert B. Mantell for whom Shakespeare by no means spells Ruin; Fred Stone, William Collier and numbers of others. Of course, opera has brought a large fortune to Caruso and to Geraldine Farrar, while John McCormack, Fritz Kreisler, and Ignace Jan Paderewski are all wealthy men.

Little Marie Doro is another lucky girl who has taken advantage of the movie craze to heed the advice of an elderly gentleman of Hamlet's time and put money in her purse. Miss Doro disclaims membership in the millionaire class, but her fellow players declare that she has "coupon cutter's cramp" in the wrist, and for that happy cause alone has retired from active work before the camera.

And when we come to count up the rich men and women who owe their million or so to the screen, their name is legion. First, of course, comes the unchallenged queen of the movies, Miss Mary Pickford who is clambering into the Rockefeller class with the swiftness of the darting eaglet. Miss Pickford has the supreme honor of possessing a secretary who is obliged to hire a secretary. And this, I believe, is the high-water mark of financial flood tide in good fortune.



CHARLIE CHAPLIN is a close second to Miss Pickford as fortune's favorite in the camera world, but Mr. Chaplin's star seems less brilliant of late and favor leans to Douglas Fairbanks who is acclaimed the coming man on the screen.

Mr. Fairbanks is easily in the semi-millionaire class at present with an enormous fortune just ahead of him. When you hear that a screen pet has signed a contract for ten or twenty or forty thousand dollars per week, you may take into consideration the fact that there are not fifty-two of these weeks in any year of recorded time. Such weeks are few and far between, as a rule. With Mr. Fairbanks, however, the fabulous salary goes along as uninterrupted as the progress of the lucky star under which he was born. He is his own paymaster, you know.

Among vaudeville stars the conspicuous plutocrat is Houdini who is supposed to be worth far more than a mere million, even if that million is reckoned in pounds sterling instead of dollars. Harry Lauder, too is reckoned in the million dollar class with large earnings and small disbursements to his credit.



From a photograph by White

Allyn King as Miss Columbia and Walter L. Catlett as Mr. Wilson

COLUMBIA STANDS BY THE PRESIDENT—A SCENE IN "THE FOLLIES"

PERMANENT HOME FOR FAMOUS AMATEURS



THE Man Without a Country" has been universally acclaimed as one of the greatest stories ever written. Its protagonist, exiled forever from home, was a figure appalling in its pathos. But is it not almost as pathetic never to have had a home? Perhaps on this domestic point it is just as well not to interrogate the average dweller in our metropolis.

But the fact goes that an organization, amateur, devoted to the drama for thirty-two years, during which it produced one hundred and fifteen plays never had a fixed abiding place it could call its own, much less a home. However, that has been corrected, for the Amateur Comedy Club, one of the oldest organizations of its kind in this country, is now permanently established at No. 24 East 40th Street, this city. It is an humble centre for it occupies the top floor of a building that was once the stable of the late Professor Draper but it fills a long felt want.

It contains a small but perfectly appointed stage where the more youthful members are tried out, limited but adequate dressing rooms, a large hall where the plays in preparation are rehearsed; a room for the executive department containing the nucleus of a technical library and a kitchenette from which the more material wants of the members may be served. The walls are hung not with trophies of the chase but interesting photographic records of what the club has achieved in the way of histrionic distinction and interesting indeed is a study of this memorabilia which at a glance shows how radical has been the advance of the club in its chosen field of artistic activity.



IN the early '80's, when Mrs. James Brown Potter was the local leader in amateur theatricals, the plays produced under her direction were dramatic in character. It was felt that there was a field for the presentation of the lighter forms of the drama and with that end in view the Amateur Comedy Club was organized in 1884, with the following officers: Samuel H. Hoppin, President; Hy Chauncey Jr., Vice-President; Jas. B. Ludlow, Secretary and Treasurer; Alex. T. Mason, Stage Manager.

Its earlier productions were given at the old University Club Theatre, now the present dining room of the Manhattan Club at Twenty-Sixth Street and Madison Avenue., the old home of Leonard Jerome. Later, performances were given in the Metropolitan Concert Hall. Then came for years a period when the scene of the club's activities was either the Berkeley Lyceum or Carnegie Lyceum. When both of those playhouses went out of commission the management has often had a serious time finding some place in which to give its productions—an interregnum would have been hideous—for during its existence of thirty-three years it has never failed to give three separate productions each season. The theatres which have lately housed them have been: the Aerial, on top of the New Amsterdam; the Bandbox, the Princess and the Garden.

It is the history of all such clubs to begin modestly and in 1885, amateur players did not have a wide range of original pieces to choose from. It was therefore natural that the original programmes were made up of such time tried farces as: "Which Is Which," "One Too Many for Him," "Trials of Tompkins," "Cup of Tea," "Withered Leaves" and "A Game of Cards." It was in the last named comedietta that Evert Jansen Wendell, the senior member of the club,

appeared as the Chevalier de Rocheferrier, a rôle he has since acted for a total of one hundred and thirteen times. Of those who played in the first performance of the organization in 1885, Mr. Wendell and Edward Fales Coward are still active players in the organization.

A more exacting type of pieces that marked its progress in capacity and experience next included: "Peacocks Holiday," (a version of Scribe's "Voyage de M. Perrichon"), "Husband to Order," "Sweethearts," "Meg's Diversion," "The Jacobite." "The Dowager and the Rough Diamond." A perusal of its year book, which contains its many productions, is an interesting study for those interested in the psychological tendencies of amateur selection. Of course, there was a period when its members tried out their prowess in "A Scrap of Paper," "London As-



Press Ill.

Exterior of the Amateur Comedy Club's new home, East 40th St., New York City

surance," "New Men and Old Acres," "Ours" and "Our Boys."

H. J. Byron, who wrote the latter comedy, was also represented in productions by his "Prompter's Box" and "War to the Knife." The success which Augustin Daly achieved in his many adaptations from the foreign sources, principally German, made this form of entertainment not only available, but at the time, very desirable for amateur work. As a result, the following comedies in which the Big Daly Four, Rehan, Gilbert, Drew and Lewis figured, were acted by the club: "Our Regiment," "7-20-8," "A Night Off," "Nancy and Co.," "Love in Harness," "The Last Word," "Lottery of Love," "Love on Crutches" and "The Arabian Nights."

But general taste soon advanced beyond this rather milk and watery diet and to the credit of the Amateur Comedy Club be it said it has presented no less than seven characteristic pieces

from the accomplished pen of Sir Arthur W. Pinero, i. e., "Sweet Lavender," "The Mistrust," "The School Mistress," "Dandy Dick," "The Hobby Horse," "The Cabinet Minister" and "The Amazons," etc., etc.

Original plays presented for the first time on any stage were: "The Present Generation," by John C. Travis, (member of the club); "Greater Than the Law," by Cleveland Moffett; "The Home Life of the Joslyns," by A. E. Thomas, and "A Shakespearian Fête," by Mr. Coward. In the latter which was given as the club's contribution to the Tercentenary Celebration, was included a scene from "Hamlet," the only excerpt, strange to say, from the works of the Bard ever given publicly by the organization. Other original productions were: "Foiled Again," "The Bridal Veil" and "The Drums of Oudh," all written by Austin Strong. Mr. Strong, who is also a member of the club, was in co-operation with Lloyd Osborne, author of "The Little Father in the Wilderness." "The Drums," was a notable feature of a triple bill, which also included the first performance in America of "A Woman's Wile," by Wm. Young. "The Type Writer," by James Barnes and Wm. Bangs and "Colonel Carteret, V. C.," by the late Seth C. Comstock, were also original contributions to the stage, but it was perhaps in "The Gods of the Mountain" that the club achieved one of its most artistic results. It was the first to give a production to Lord Dunsany's play in this country, and in stage setting, and histrionic accomplishment a very high standard was set.



TO recall the names of those associated in the history of the club since its inception in 1884, would be to set down a list of those prominently associated with society and the arts during the past thirty-three years. Early and subsequent programs include the names of: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sturgis, Miss Katherine Montague, now Mrs. Collins, Miss Alice Witherspoon, now Mrs. Geo. P. Ingersoll, Miss Ruth Laurence, Miss Rita Laurence, Miss Cornelia Van Auken, now Mrs. Lindley Chapin; Mrs. Walter S. Andrews, Miss Kitty Brady, later Mrs. Sidney Harris; the Misses Shippen, Mrs. Wilbur A. Bloodgood, Mrs. Oliver Sumner Teall, Mrs. C. A. Doremus, later a playwright of note, the Misses Hoyt, Miss Mary E. Roberts, Miss Mildred Eytinge, now Mrs. Hugh Baxter; Mrs. Hilborne L. Roosevelt, Miss Pauline Cory, now the wife of Capt. Dancy; Mrs. Jas. Duane Livingston, Mrs. Eugene Lamb Richards, Jr., Mrs. Lennel W. Serrell, Miss Marie Huntington, now Mrs. Jno. C. Travis. Two women players who did valiant work for the club and who have since died were: Miss Gertrude Slocum, who became Mrs. W. Herbert Adams and Miss Louise Laidlaw, who married Mr. William Judson. Mrs. Judson played a long list of eccentric rôles and was justly characterized as the Mrs. Gilbert of the amateur stage.

It is but natural that a club such as the Amateur Comedy should stir up in certain ones a desire for professional honors and so it came about that a number who gained experience under its banner drifted on to the professional boards. Some of those who made the leap were: Elsie de Wolfe, Elita Proctor Otis, Suzanne Sheldon, Florence Gerrish, Mrs. Erhardt Lee and Mrs. Francis Lansing Pruyn. Mrs. Burton Hart who acted in "The Arabian Nights" was a daughter of America's famous comedian (Concluded on page 112)



Saronj

Evert Jansen Wendell
As Chevalier de Rocheferrier
in "A Game of Cards"



Pach

Sterling T. Foote
As Alexis in "The Game of Chess"



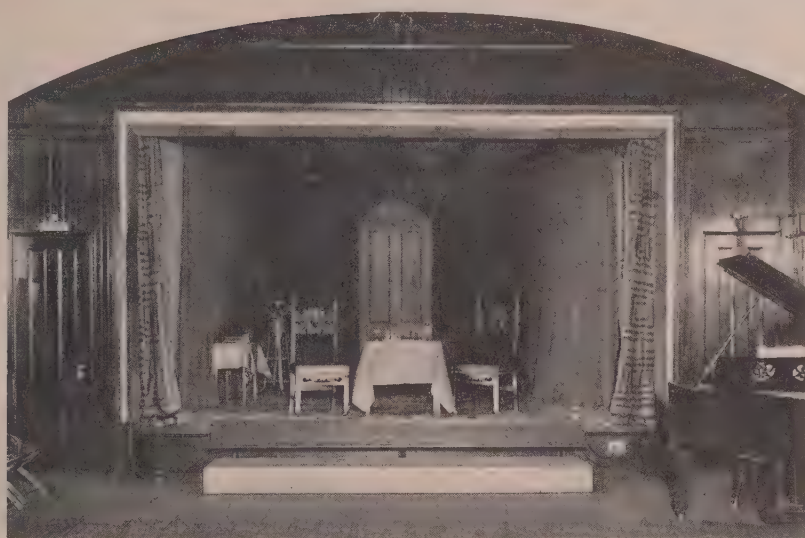
Pach

Humphrey T. Nichols
In "The Monkey's Paw"



Pach

Henry G. Bartol
As Bob Acres in
"The Rivals"



Press Ill.

Interior of the Amateur Comedy
Club showing the try-out stage



Pach

Harold W. Gould
As Boris in "The
Game of Chess"



Pach

Edward Fales Coward
As Hamlet



Pach

Henry C. Smith
As Harlequin in "Pantaloone"



Pach

Theodore E. Steinway
As Martin Chuzzlewit
in "Tom Pinch"

PROFESSIONALS IN BUSINESS; AMATEURS IN ART

Members of the Amateur Comedy Club in Their Most Successful Roles

VAUDEVILLE DOING ITS BIT

By NELLIE REVELL



MIDSUMMER in vaudeville finds that branch of amusement seething with patriotism. Even the heat of the "dog days" cannot melt the ardor either of the players or the playgoers. Take, for instance, the Palace—where vaudeville reaches its highest tide—and there you will find *amor patriæ* headlining itself on every bill. Verily, the theatre—and especially the variety theatre—is playing its part in stimulating recruiting of men and money and in awakening America to its responsibilities here and abroad in these troublesome times.

Expressive as the Statue of Liberty has always been to those newcomers approaching the shores of the land of the free and the home of the brave, it has remained for Queen Variety to wave her magic wand and bring the Goddess to life. And no less a regal personage than Julia Arthur has been chosen to visualize the animated Statue, a selection which proves her sponsors, Messrs. A. Paul Keith and E. F. Albee, managers wise in their day and generation. Miss Arthur's flawless enunciation, perfect poise and highly intelligent reading of the lines established her performance as one of the genuine achievements of the dramatic season.

"Liberty Aflame" is the illuminating title bestowed upon Miss Arthur's offering, which was conceived by Roland Burke Hennessey, the theatrical editor and writer. Wearing Liberty's crown and flowing robes and with torch uplifted, Miss Arthur as the Goddess comes to life on a pedestal in a setting which depicts New York harbor at night. To the accompaniment of pictures thrown on the base of the pedestal showing the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the flag and President Wilson in a series of patriotic appeals, the actress, in vibrant tones that arouses tremendous enthusiasm, recites appropriate verse.

Another evidence of vaudeville's loyalty to the colors was provided by Nora Bayes, back again to her earlier love after a spectacular career as an actress-manager. Resplendent in a red, white and blue outfit Miss Bayes, unlike Nellie Nichols, dared no one to guess her nationality. Notwithstanding that the singing comedienne with Bayesque naïveté announced that she was curtailing her wardrobe to invest in Liberty bonds, the suspicion exists that the longer her engagement extends at the Palace the more varied will be her costumes to keep apace with the changes in the repertoire of her songs.

While Miss Bayes' return to vaudeville after recollection of the harsh things she said upon her most recent retirement seemed to inspire the theatrical commentators, the Broadway wiseacres hold to the theory that whenever the animated artiste feels like ridding herself of surplus energy she has but to send her trunks down to the Palace and go to work, remaining as long as she likes. However true this may be, the fact remains that every time she quits Miss Bayes leaves a cavity that remains unfilled until she herself elects to do the necessary dental work.



THE good old summer time" has come to mean back home for vaudevillians, who exercise their talents in musical comedy and other spheres of theatrical activity by winter and the varieties by summer. In addition to Miss Bayes, there have also returned within the month Bernard Granville, Tempest and Sunshine, and Joseph Santley.

Mr. Granville with his songs and recitations delivered in his own inimitable manner occupies a position unique in the affections of vaudeville patrons, and he has built up a clientele that be-

speaks much for the efficacy of personality on the stage. It isn't so much what Mr. Granville does as the manner in which he does it that holds his following loyal against the blandishments of ambitious competitors.

"A Broadway Bouquet" seems a fitting title for the strictly feminine offering of Florence Tempest and Marion Sunshine, reunited to the intense gratification of an unnumbered list of admirers. Of course Miss Tempest resumes her boyish garb while Miss Sunshine dons creation after creation to dazzle the eye of the onlooker. Songs, both solos and duets, and imitations constitute "A Broadway Bouquet," which is as fragrant as it is pretty.

George White and his new dancing partner, Emma Haig, recruited from Ziegfeld's "Follies" to replace Lucille Cavanaugh, contributed materially to the movement in vaudeville to keep the patriotic spirit aflame. For the settings for two of their terpsichorean numbers they utilized patriotic subjects. "The Spirit of '76," for instance, presented Mr. White as the drummer boy of the three familiar figures and while the fife and drum played he accomplished some eccentric steps. Again in "The Dance of the States" number, a huge map of the United States was depicted as the background, and Mr. White in a natty military suit and Miss Haig as a Red Cross nurse, did the rest to thunderous applause.

Via San Francisco and the Orpheum Circuit Margaret Anglin has made her appearance in vaudeville under the personal direction of Martin Beck, directing genius of the circuit which begins its activities at Chicago and extends out to the Coast and back and South of New Orleans. Miss Anglin is Eastward bound in a melodramatic one-act thriller called "The Wager."



Sarony

EMMA HAIG

A vaudeville recruit who, with George White in dances, has kept the patriotic spirit aflame



A picturesque view, showing the lake, and the artistic bridge and bench with Ionic columns



(Inset) Arched portico, classic in design, the beauty and simplicity of which makes it a marked feature of the estate



Photos © Underwood & Underwood

The playwright's workshop—a commodious room, in which art, practicability and comfort are combined

It was a trip through France and several weeks spent in the majestic forest of Fontainebleau that inspired Rupert Hughes, author of "Excuse Me" and other popular plays to build his present beautiful home at Bedford Hills. Elsewhere in this issue appears an interesting account of how "Whitewood" came to be built and other details about this American dramatist's home

THE PALATIAL HOME OF A SUCCESSFUL PLAYWRIGHT

THE RENAISSANCE OF GREENWICH VILLAGE

By ADA PATTERSON



A SMALL theatre, that is evolving out of the scaffolding stage, into solid structure in Sheridan Square, is the symbol of the renaissance of Greenwich Village.

Frank Conroy, an actor of general experience, will be the managing director of the Sheridan Square Theatre. Like the Thimble Theatre, which preceded it; the Provincetown Players and the Washington Square Players, the Sheridan Square will follow the policy of a bill of short plays. The line of demarcation between efforts of these theatres is a wavering one of growth and gradual attainment. Each has set a standard of excellence which its successor has tried to surpass. The new theatre is of especial interest because it typifies the new spirit of Greenwich Village.

The spirit of the Village is summarized in two words, economy and aspiration. Both are apparent in its efforts and its achievements. The economy is one of money, not of energy. The aspiration is boundless.

The region lying Southwest of Washington Square is an example of evolution and involution. Once in the dim days when New York was romantic, it was the smartest part of the city. With the passage of a hundred years or so it became shabby. To-day it is shaking off its sloth. In it are awaking ambitions to return to its first state. It is succeeding. Was not the Alley Festa, that procured \$100,000 for the Red Cross, and that converted Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's studio into a restaurant, held in Macdougall Alley, which is on its border?

Has not Washington Mews, once a short street of stables, been transformed into the newest thing,

the last cry, in studios, artistic but clean? And is there not a marked trend toward moving down town? In a phrase, Greenwich Village has become the fashion.

Where? And what? And why? The questions arise in the mind of one to whom Greenwich Village is a mere name, an unaccustomed one.

Where? There is no map of Greenwich Village. So blurred are its outlines that it has been described rather as a state of mind than a place. But generally speaking, it is gathered about twisting Greenwich Avenue, as New York revolves so to speak, upon the diagonal axis of Broadway. It is a thing of tangled streets, capricious turnings and no apparent plan. To find the reason for this one must seek amidst the city's yesterdays.



IN those rich and vivid days of our early republicanism, while the United States were young but not too young to be picturesque, some persons of wealth and parts chose to live far from the city of New York. Wishing to remove themselves far from the streams of traffic they built homes among the wide green fields lying along the Hudson River. One of these homes was Richmond Hill, occupied by Vice-President John Adams.

The spectacular wife of Aaron Burr, she who had once been Mme. Jumel, followed gentle Mistress Abigail as chatelaine of Richmond Hill.

When yellow fever made its dread visits to New York denizens of the city fled to the wide green fields beside the Hudson.

The fever abating, some of the fugitives went back to their fumigated homes in the lower part of Manhattan Island. But some remained. The region was no longer the country. It became the village. One of the first lanes was a twisting cowpath, as sinuous as a snake. It derived from one whose memories of England were dear, if not fresh, the name Greenwich Lane. Then, as more and more families were drawn to the spot by its distance from the city, and the invigorating air from the Hudson, the "Lane" was dropped and "Avenue" was affixed. Because more houses had been built along that lane than any other, stately Greenwich Avenue lent its name to the community that built about it. Hence Greenwich Village.

About this more or less dirty, and certainly indefinite spot, shines the aureole of great names. Thomas Paine wrote his "Age of Reason" there and was ostracized by his regular-thinking neighbors for it. He lived on Barrow Street. Because of the "infamy" of his book the thoroughfare was called in derision "Reason Street." Then, because reason seemed as hard to pronounce as to practice, the name degenerated into Raisin Street. Someone discovering the unfitness of that name, the narrow passage was restored to its old dignity of Barrow Street.

Edgar Allan Poe brought his bride, Virginia, to Greenwich Village for their honeymoon. Bayard Taylor and Robert Louis Stevenson, Mark Twain, Stephen Crane, Henry James and Stanford White, were all at one time Greenwich Villagers. Abraham Lincoln made some of his epochal speeches there and there O. Henry lived and gathered material for his pungent tales. Be-



Photos Paul Thompson

Martha Ryther-Fuller as The Girl



John Reed as Death



Catherine Cannell as Life

MEMBERS OF THE PROVINCETOWN PLAYERS IN THE MORALITY PLAY "THE GAME"



Interior of Polly's, one of Bohemia's most popular resorts, showing the Greenwich villagers during recreation hours



Photos Paul Thompson

Washington Mews—once a short street of stables, now the latest thing in artists' studios. The above picture shows the street just after the artists' invasion began



Bobby Edwards, a well-known character of the Village, making ukuleles and using his cat as a model. A few years ago Mr. Edwards was a successful magazine illustrator. He now composes songs and sings them himself in the cafés of the Village

NEW YORK'S BOHEMIA—SCENES IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

neath the light of an electric cross that flames from Washington Square South, Rose Cecil O'Neill lives and makes her sketches and designs her kewpies. Her neighbor is Berton Braley whom some dub O. Henry II. Both look from their window upon a former graveyard that has become Washington Square.

Unlike that part of the town that lies farther North, Greenwich Village is a place of constant effort. Everybody does something. Good, bad or indifferent, though it may be, he or she does something. The market may not have been found but the merchandise in the form of art is ever preparing.

What is Greenwich Village? It is a spot where rents are cheap, though they are becoming less so; where fashions are individual; where money is not worshipped but where originality and endeavor are at a premium; where nobody minds anybody's else business, yet where everybody knows it and doesn't care; where they paint pictures, admired at least by the painter and the model; where they write more or less well; where they dine in street clothes, if they like, and do not thereby lose caste; where the food is cosmopolitan, evidence of which is the presence of the Dutch Oven, a multitude of Italian restaurants, some French ones and a Greek refectory;

where there is elbow room for body and spirit as nowhere else in New York.

It has the charm of the very old and the very new. There one hears from the oldest citizens of the time when Asa Hall's line of stages started from Greenwich every even hour and from Pine Street and Broadway every odd hour. It entered the village by way of a dusty country road which is now Leroy Street. One hears of crossing on a narrow and perilous wooden bridge an artificial ditch, at what has become Canal Street. And one hears of the hanging of the negro murderess, Rose Butler, near the site of the noble arch which is the entrance to Washington Square.

To reconstructed Washington Mews came Mr. and Mrs. John Craig, when they cast their fortunes that had prospered in Boston, with New York. "When we go to a city we always make our home in the old part," said the charming manager-actress.

One finds historic background in Greenwich Village but one finds also the emancipated woman. There stands the old red brick house with white painted doors and window sills, where Bishop Potter lived. But three minutes away, diagonally across Washington Square, in a somewhat stuffy upstairs room on MacDougall Street, we may see the efforts of the Provincetown Players. So

modern that William A. Brady, producer of many diverse plays, said: "If I dared to produce what they do the patrol wagon would be backed against the theatre for me and mine." Yet fearless observers of fearsome phases of life show life as they see it in the stuffy upstairs room. One of these authors is Susan Glaspell. While the dramatic output of some of the playwrights resembles the throwing of a hammer, it must be admitted that the hammer strikes that at which it is aimed. It is never a lost hammer. That the group and their work have vitality is proven by their tenure of life. That they are "different" is shown by the line of limousines before it when the bill changes.

I trust I have answered the query "Where?" and the question "What?" in regard to Greenwich Village. To the interrogation "Why?" this. A man, the hospitality of whose home I had enjoyed in the area of New York called "The Fifties" moved his goods and chattels and established them south of Washington Square. Him I asked: "Why do you live in Greenwich Village?" He replied "Because it is the only place in New York where there is a community spirit."

Max Eastman, editor, made more expansive reply:

"I live in Greenwich Village for the same reason that a trout (Concluded on page 112)

FOUR DIARIES

By HAROLD SETON



ONE. From the Diary of Cleo de la Roche. I have been on the stage for six seasons. For five seasons I have played vampires. The managers have cast me for such rôles. They say that I look the part.

I am tall and slender, supple and sinuous. My complexion is pale as ivory, my eyes are green as absinthe, my lips are red as blood, my hair is black as night.

I wear low-cut evening gowns of cloth-of-gold or cloth-of-silver. Enormous emeralds glitter in my ears and on my fingers. I wave a huge ostrich feather fan. I smoke cigarettes.

There is something strange and suggestive about me. I seem as foreign as my name. I break up happy homes, luring husbands away from wives, sons away from mothers, fathers away from daughters.

I stop at nothing to gain my end. I pick pockets, crack safes, forge signatures. I cheat at cards, and even commit murders. And then, when I have ruined my man, and wrecked his career, I fling him aside, and go on to the next, and the next, and the next.

I have achieved fame and fortune. The audience sometimes hisses me. That is a great tribute to my art. But I hate these parts. They are odious to me. I want to flee away from the gilded drawing rooms, the perfumed boudoirs. I want to live in the country, among the birds and the bees.

I want to be sweet and wholesome. I want to be an ingenue!....



TWO. From the Diary of Anabelle Grace.

I have been on the stage for five years. For four years I have played ingenues. The critics declare that I do not act, that I am simply my own adorable self. It is nice of them to say so. Their intentions are good.

I am small and dainty, cute and cunning. My cheeks are pink-and-white, my eyes are big and blue, my hair is yellow as flax, and worn in bob-

bing ringlets. My mouth is like a Cupid's bow.

My frocks are white muslin, flounced and ruffled. I wear sashes around my waist, and wings of ribbon in my hair. Sometimes I wear gingham dresses and a sunbonnet.

I jump up and down, and clap my hands. I play hide and seek, and romp with kittens and puppies. I creep up behind my father or my sweetheart and place my hands over their eyes, crying out, "Guess who it is?"

My mother is dead—as a rule. Sometimes I have a cruel stepmother, or an unsympathetic maiden-aunt. First I make you laugh, and then I make you cry.

I am often a farmer's daughter. Occasionally I am a minister's daughter. I love a simple trusting country boy, or a millionaire's son in disguise. I always resist temptation, and often reform the sinner.

But I want to be seductive and shocking. I want ropes of pearls. I want wiggling trains. I want to be a vampire!....



THREE. From the Diary of Rosalie Montmorency.

My father was a policeman in Kokomo, Ind., and my mother took in washing. The family name was McGinnis, and I was christened Bridget. But I changed all that when I ran away from home, and proceeded to New York, where I went on the stage.

I obtained employment in the chorus of a musical comedy. I have stayed in the chorus ever since. Three years have passed, and I have learned something every minute. For instance, I have learned that if one is tactful and discreet almost anything may happen.

I have had a pretty good time, and have made lots of jolly friends. They have given me little knickknacks, like rings and pins. But they have never spoken of matrimony. Not even when they had been drinking. And they have never suggested such a thing—in writing.

But I have seen one girl marry a millionaire from Omaha, and have seen another girl marry a millionaire from Sacramento. I envy them their luck, but I aim even higher. I would not alone have wealth, I would also have position. I aspire to "The Social Register."

I have watched the fashionable maids and matrons who have sat out in front of the house. I have noted their manners, and have copied their style. I could do the trick as well as they do. In fact, I could beat them at their own game.

I want to get into society!....



FOUR. From the Diary of Gwendolen Vander Veer.

I am descended from a Knickerbocker governor of New Amsterdam. We are among the foremost families in New York, and therefore among the foremost families of America. My father is a famous financier, and my mother is a leader in the smart set.

We have a house in town, an estate on Long Island, and a villa at Newport. I made my début last autumn, at a wonderful ball at the Blitz. My pictures were printed in the newspapers, with references to my distinguished pedigree and my enormous fortune.

The most eligible youths flocked around me like moths around a flame. They flock around me still. But the life I live bores me to death. Luncheons, dinners, dances, suppers! Everything according to recognized standards, based on the strictest conventions. Nothing unusual, nothing exciting!

I must only associate with so and so, and must eventually marry such and such. No freedom, no independence! I'd like to be earning my own living, without restraint or responsibilities!

I'd like to be on the stage, gaining admiration for my charms alone, and not for my name or my money. I'd like to go to Bohemian places, surrounded by unconventional people.

I'd like to be a chorus girl!....



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JOHN MCCORMACK, THE FAMOUS IRISH TENOR SUR-
ROUNDED BY CHILDREN REPRESENTING THE ALLIES
Left to right the children are: Cyril McCormack, Frederick Childs,
Juliette Paula Prevot, Gwendoline McCormack, Genevieve Lyttleton
Fox, and the little Duc de Chaulnes, grandson of Theodore Shonts



© Ira L. Hill

PIERRE MONTEUX

The popularity of the Civic Con-
certs are largely due to the art of
this distinguished French con-
ductor who has been engaged
for the Metropolitan next year



ARVID PAULSON

Talented Swedish actor and author who is having consid-
erable success on the American stage. His first New
York appearance was in Hauptman's "Elga." Then fol-
lowed an engagement with Washington Square Players,
and also in "The Weavers" at the Garden. Last season he
made a hit in the Japanese fantasy "The Willow Tree"



REINALD WERRENATH

An American singer who has been
"doing his bit" by giving recitals
in aid of the Red Cross. This pic-
ture of him was drawn by James
Montgomery Flagg, the official
artist of the U. S.

FAY BAINTER—A STAR OF TOMORROW

By VERA BLOOM



ALADY LOCHINVAR has come out of the West and captured New York. So winsome in comedy and so compelling in drama is she, that the public and critics alike were quick to recognize the advent of a new star. In fact, they realized it before she did, for Fay Bainter is not the sort of girl to believe in miracles. Even now it is difficult to convince her that she is really a Broadway favorite.

It takes the shock out of success when one works for it all one's life, even if that life is young. To have struggled and known failure gives Miss Bainter the power to look on the dazzling present with clear eyes and unspoiled understanding, and has kept her a simple, sincere American girl. She is the same Fay Bainter who arrived in New York just a year ago, unknown and unsought. Now her piquant face smiles its wistful smile from every magazine, and she is enshrined in every matinee girl's heart.

She is an elusive celebrity, a will-o'-the-wisp, with a maddeningly mysterious charm. And she is not afraid to think for herself, or to say what she thinks in her quaint little way.

As her pictures show, she has a distinct type of her own, and though her blonde hair is soft and wavy, and her eyes are alive with fun and appreciation of the passing world, she lays no claim to great beauty. Instead, she has won recognition as a clever actress with personality and unusual charm.

To study the will-o'-the-wisp at close range, I captured her one day and asked her to begin with the "once upon a time" and then to tell me what will make her "live happy ever after."



IT began so many years ago, when I was four or five," she began. "There was a society Kirmess in Los Angeles, and mother was proud at the idea of my being one of the children in the fairy queen's court. The queen, who was a girl of twelve or so, got stage fright at the last minute and without waiting to speak to anyone I pushed past all the children and played the part myself! It must have gone well, for Mr. Morosco sent for me to play at the Burbank Theatre, and after that I played all their child-parts for years.

"Then, when I was old enough, came my training in stock, all up and down the Pacific Coast. If there was a glimmer of talent, this was sure to bring it out, for the work was unceasing, and little by little I began to realize what an appalling number of things I had to overcome.

"First, there was my voice. It's far from good now, that is, off the stage, but when I first began to work seriously it was impossible in placement and quality. But by training myself day by day, nearer to my ideal, I never had the fear of being dependent on a teacher who might fail me at any time. Even now, I am always thinking of it, and I never worked so hard as to make the blank verse of 'The Willow Tree' sound natural and musical."

"Blank verse!" I echoed.

"Didn't you know!" she exclaimed joyously. "I'm so delighted, that was just the effect I was striving for.

"And then, what seemed an overwhelming tragedy, I discovered I wasn't beautiful. But I faced the fact at last, and now I'm much more glad than sorry. I can change myself so well this way, and play such a delightful variety of parts! Great beauty is too lovely to be lost,

and I'm sure very few of our beauteous leading ladies would have cared for my dark wig and make-up as the Willow Tree Princess, or as the East Side Peg o' My Heart I am rehearsing now."

When the actress began thus to underestimate her charms, I reminded her that she could never convince us, for we all know that the radiant Mary Temple in the Japanese fantasy is Miss Bainter in all her own blonde glory.

"No," she insisted seriously. "I couldn't depend on being pretty, so I decided that the best course to follow was to work out my own method of acting while acquiring my technique in stock. That meant that I dissected every part that was given me, so that when the time for big things came, I would have a firm foundation of experience. I would perfect every line, even every phrase, as nearly as I could, and soon I discovered how to get the effects I wanted almost mechanically."



YOU mean you don't have to feel or be the part you are acting? That you agree with Coquelin that the actor should not lose himself in the rôle?"

"Not quite," she corrected, "but if I once let go, I could never control myself. If I really cried, I couldn't stop soon enough to go on with the part, I'm sure. And then, one can't always call one's emotions at will. So, though always trying, I found the automatic way to do whatever the part demanded, and once the right effect was caught, I could repeat and improve upon it at every performance.

"Then, four years ago, I decided I was ready

for New York, but"—and she smiled rueful—"New York wasn't ready for me. I tramped Broadway for months as it was never tramped before, and I really came perilously near starving. Perhaps this brought me to my senses, for I went West again, determined not to come back until I'd have something really worth while to offer the managers—something they wouldn't refuse. So for three years more I did everything from musical comedy to melodrama, over and over again, and after a steady season of seventy weeks in stock, William Harris engaged me—that was last June—to play a leading rôle this winter.

"So I fled to the country for rest and quiet, when a hurry call came for me to play a colored girl in a play with all negro characters. I did, in the blackest make-up and kinkiest pig-tails you ever saw. That was my Eastern début. Mr. Harris was delighted, and then gave me the part in 'Arms and the Girl.' How he ever saw through that make-up and didn't lose faith in me is more than I can tell.

"And then came Broadway—"

"Yes," I interrupted, "and success, and a brilliant future, and stardom, and the matinee girls. How did it feel to be a dramatic Cinderella? What difference did it make?"

"Difference," she repeated, and then gayly, "Clothes! I never cared a rap for furbelows before. Why, when they gave a party on the stage after the opening of 'The Willow Tree' I had to come in an old suit. I had worked too hard to succeed to think of anything else. We had rehearsed until seven thirty the opening night, and when that wonderful audience cried 'Bainter' and 'Brava!' I hardly seemed to hear them. Mr. Harris told me I had made good—I couldn't believe him either.



SO a few days later, when I woke up, I found there were a hundred things I wanted, and that New York was the most fascinating place in the world. So, before I knew it, I had a stock of the most ravishing frocks and hats, and now I can't break the habit. I'm afraid I'll be starving on Broadway again. Besides what will mother say about this extravagance? She is so different from the stage world that she hardly realizes I'm an actress. She's just a dear little old-fashioned mother, and she's only coming East this week to see me before we close. Why once when someone raved about my acting in a certain play, she only answered sadly: 'Oh, yes, but her dress didn't hang right in the last act!' So at the stage door I leave the world of make-believe behind, and go home to the little mother who hasn't the slightest idea of the requirements, or even the jargon of the stage."

"Are you looking forward to stardom?"

"Ah, that will be years and years from now," she answered positively, "why I am only beginning to grow. I must do finer and finer things, appeal to a wider audience in every play, until the public, and not my manager, makes me a star.

"Just think, I haven't seen one of our great actors or actresses yet, and that is a school in itself. But when I do stop for a minute, it will be to learn from them and be worthy to take my place beside them in the theatre."

So this is Fay Bainter, the brave little girl who has taken the hard and uphill way that is leading her straight to the goal of her heart's desire.



Photo Goldberg

Fay Bainter in "The Willow Tree"



Photo Charlotte Fairchild

ESTELLE WINWOOD

An English actress whose delightful performance as the wife in "A Successful Calamity" promptly established her as a Broadway favorite. Miss Winwood will be seen in the same rôle when the play reopens here next month

LUCIEN MURATORE - A SINGING ACTOR

By RICHARD SAVAGE



VERVE, vivacity and versatility—the three V's of lyric drama—are the principal ingredients responsible for the great success of French opera in America," says Lucien Muratore, one of the most distinguished exponents of this art-form in America, and who will be heard with the Chicago Opera Company at the Lexington Avenue Opera House this season.

The French dramatic tenor was born in Marseilles, and studied at the Conservatoire. At his graduation he won prizes for *solfeggio* and diction in the musical and dramatic departments, respectively. Naturally his attention turned toward the stage, but the drama knew him before the opera, for he wisely waited until his voice was fully trained and equal to the demands of grand opera before entering that exacting field. At twenty he appeared in "juvenile leads" at the Variétés in Paris, and a year later was playing the same line of parts at the Casino in Monte Carlo. The year following, he occupied the enviable position of leading man with Mme. Réjane at the Paris Odéon. A leading man at twenty-two! There was prophecy in this, which has been fulfilled in the lyric as well as the spoken drama. In the meantime Muratore had continued diligent study and development of his voice.

When he entered opera he had the advantage of the poise and experience of a finished actor as well as the vocal equipment. The opposite is the usual formula for operatic aspirants—learn to sing first, then absorb the dramatic art after appearing in opera.



MURATORE made his operatic début at the Opéra Comique, where he sang and acted for several seasons with Calvé, Dufresne, Fougères and other stars. During his career there he appeared in "Carmen," "Werther," "Mignon," and other operas of the established repertoire, and created rôles in the first productions of "La Carmélite," and "Muguette."

His fame grown, Muratore was engaged for the Paris Grand Opera, where he made his début in Gluck's "Armide." Here, besides the usual repertoire including "Faust," "Romeo et Juliette," etc., many novelties fell to his lot, and he interpreted the leading tenor rôles in the original productions of "La Catalana," "Bacchus," "Roma," "Monna Vanna," "Le Miracle," "Salome," "Theodora," "Francesca da Rimini," "Le Vieil Aigle," "Fervaal" and "Penelope." His success was such that Cleofonte Campanini engaged him for the Chicago Opera Company.

But—more about the three V's for which his native opera is noted. Muratore preferred to talk about these than about himself or his charming wife, Lina Cavalieri, when I called on them recently at the Hotel Netherland.

"Grand opera, before the modern French school came into existence, was ruled by tradition," he said. "This latter school defies tradition. Therefore it presents that elusive 'something new' which patrons of art are quite as eager to welcome as are those who patronize lighter amusements. For instance: there used to be a well-established rule to the effect that an opera, once produced, must always be given in the future in just the same manner in every detail. If the tenor wore a blue tie in the first act, every tenor who should succeed to that part in subsequent decades and ages must wear a blue tie. If the soprano gave a certain musical portrayal peculiar to her personal

supply of mannerisms, every later occupant of the rôle must use the same method and expression, even to affectation.

"The French slogan in opera is 'Onward,' and if the traditional presentation of any composition may be improved by innovation, then they adopt the new idea that improves it. Just as the Russian ballet is a modern offspring and amplification of the classic ballet, so is the French opera an advance in realism and interest over the older



© Matzene

LINA CAVALIERI

Whose marriage to Lucien Muratore was a romance of the operatic stage

forms of grand opera. Both protest alike against the limitations of their predecessors.

"Our theory is that the operatic depiction of a story and of characters should embrace a combination of several arts, including vocal and instrumental music, drama, scenic environment, artistic illusion, costuming, facial and physical 'make-up' and personality, each one of which is as important as another. The older form held vocal music paramount and these others merely incidental.



THE recognized artist in French opera is a singing actor. To succeed, he must be not only a good singer, but an intelligent and studious actor, an appraiser of poetic values and a thorough student of the graphic art which makes him look like the character he portrays. More than this—he must know himself well and exercise the most careful judgment in the selection of rôles in

which he is to appear. Nothing is more fatal to the progress of an artist than to essay a rôle which he is not suited. In the early days of opera a tenor was a tenor, and a soprano a soprano, and each was expected to assume satisfactorily any rôle of his or her general classification. In later years the directors of opera have come to realize that a great Faust may be a misplaced Romeo, although the vocal demands of these two rôles are similar. Just so is a certain soprano wonderful as Aida and also as Santuzza, while another, equally great in her art generally, is ideal in the first and impossible in the latter part. The Parisians were the first to adopt this theory completely and develop their allied operatic arts accordingly, and they apply it not only to the operas composed by their own countrymen, but also to those by Italian and German composers, many of which are popular in Paris.

"It remained for an Italian, Cleofonte Campanini to popularize French opera on a broad scale in America. When he conducted in Paris he became captivated by its native art, and afterward, when conducting in London, Buenos Aires, New York, Chicago and other cities, the French school was more largely represented in his repertoire than it had ever been before in those centres.

"In many opera houses the selection of repertoire and the engaging of artists are carried on separately, the assumption being that each singer who has a sufficient repertoire will fit into any rôle in his vocal range. In France the process is different, the two considerations of repertoire and personnel being interdependent.



IN discussing the engagement of a certain star, the question is: 'What operas have we in the repertoire in which he appears to great advantage?' or 'What operas can we add for the greatest display of this artist's ability?' In this school the selection of an opera is most often made for the display of a certain individual or group of singing actors, although occasionally an artist is engaged for the equivalent purpose of fitting certain operas already in the repertoire. But that situation where the list of principals and stars is completed and a routine of operas selected without regard to each other, and when the directors say: 'Who shall we put into what part,'—that never happens in French opera. The result is that each important member or star appears always to the best advantage, and the ensemble is as near as the operatic arts may attain to perfection."

During all this discussion Madame Muratore, the beautiful Lina Cavalieri, spoke when spoken to, but mostly remained eloquently, smilingly, charmingly silent. They married for love. Both were at the height of their fame, and neither had anything to gain by marriage that they did not already have except—each other. This and her knitting were all that interested her, and for the moment she didn't care to talk about anything else.

Aside from his fame as a singer and actor, Mr. Muratore is noted for his visual presentments of his varied characterizations. He has an extensive library of works on the apparel of all peoples and all times, with many rare plates illustrating not only these varied habiliments, but the ornaments, weapons or insignia that go with them. For each new rôle he designs his own costumes, and the characters of his repertoire are apparently all different persons.



Photo Matzene

LUCIEN MURATORE AS FAUST

This well-known French tenor, who will be heard in New York this winter with the Chicago Opera Company, does not believe in clinging blindly to operatic tradition. An artiste in "make up," he presents a beardless Faust, an entirely new conception based on old German portraits of the period

DEATH CLAIMS PLAYER AND CRITIC

SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, one of the most prominent of the world's distinguished actors, died suddenly in London on July 1st last. A heart attack was the direct cause of death. Sir Herbert had only recently returned to England from the United States, and was last seen here last winter in an adaptation of Thackeray's "Colonel Newcome."

The respectful, but in no degree enthusiastic, attention accorded to Sir Herbert Tree's productions and personal performances during his recent tenancy of the New Amsterdam Theatre,

no doubt afforded a correct estimate of his abilities. His general theatrical achievements are another matter. They belong to the history of the London stage; will be remembered with pleasure by his contemporaries and be duly recorded. We missed seeing him in some of his best characterizations and in some of his most elaborate productions, but we had the full measure of the man in what he did here. It is not invidious, for it is a fact, to say that he fell short of certain just and high standards of discriminating criticism. Comparison



The late Sir Herbert Tree

with Irving was inevitable. Tree was ambitious, energetic and practical; he did much that was notable and worthy. He was far from ordinary in effort and achievement. In archeology and all external things he was erudite and efficient up to a certain point, but he could not deeply touch the heart. He could do it in passages, as in Cardinal Wolsey in "Henry VIII"; he could be humorous, as in a moment or two of his personation of Falstaff; but he seemed to lack completeness. Good in character, he sometimes reached emotion when the emotion was so inherent in the character that it helped him out. Thus, in "Colonel Newcome" he was impressive and realized inwardly and outwardly that fine figure of the great novelist. He reconciled the most unwilling critics to his short-

comings with his "Adsum," singularly coincident with his farewell. He was identified with many notable plays. He was no small factor in the reverence paid to Shakespeare. Close to the cult of the great dramatist, he was broad in his activities and was helpful and stimulating in fostering authorship. Production as an art magnified to its widest possibilities will include his name with those of Kean, Macready and Irving. The list of plays associated with his career is a long one, and in theatrical history he will appear somewhat larger than he did to us.

He was born in London in 1853. His father, Julius Beerbohm, was a German grain merchant. The name "Tree" he adopted when he threw up a clerkship in his father's office to join an amateur theatrical organization. His title was awarded him in 1909 for "distinguished services rendered the stage." He began his career as a clever mimic of the actors of the day and nine years after his first engagement became manager of the Haymarket Theatre. He has been chiefly noted for his ability in make-up. As Falstaff, Malvolio, Svengali and Wolsey he was singularly successful.

WILLIAM WINTER, the well-known poet and critic, died at his home at New Brighton, S. I., on June 30th last as the result of repeated attacks of angina pectoris. The critic was eighty-one years old and his reviews of plays cover nearly half a century.

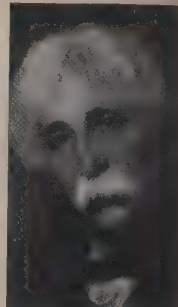
Ordinarily critical work is of secondary importance, its influence and its interest being fleeting in character. The name of Charles Lamb is the most distinguished one in the short list of such writers, with that of Hazlitt occupying the second place, and to those names must now be added that of William Winter. The three had, each, a distinctive literary touch; each had the quality of sympathy and ventured beyond the narrow field of criticism. William Winter, in his old age, alive to the dreadful conditions of the present war, filled with enthusiasms and convictions, wrote lines that will live in the memory of men and will find a place in every anthology.

His pensive journeys in England are recorded with a charm that will give his little books of the kind permanency. William Winter was not a great critic on the technical side. His understanding of form was less as to the means used in the workshop than as to the effects. Nothing could be better than his description of a play that lacked action than that "it had about as much action as a hearse stalled in a snow storm." But if his technical knowledge was not remarkable, his unerring taste and his implacable scorn for immoral and vulgar were. His influence in such

matters was immediate and potent. His vituperation and his praise were often out of proportion. He loved those who aimed high and whose lives were amiable. Personal affection commanded too much, perhaps, of his genius. But he was genuine. He has provided fame for many, but they were of the best of his day. Perhaps no other period of the English-speaking stage has been covered more voluminously and comprehensively than he has done it—forty years of the American stage, in which acting genius at least flourished and was close to the people and worthy of record. No doubt the volume of Mr. Winter's work will have to be reduced to insure it its best value. He himself indeed seemed to realize this and revised, and abridged and substituted much of it. He accomplished much in critical influence, and out of things that would otherwise have been forgotten or only remembered in some dry record or chance reference he built himself a monument.

A year ago players and playgoers of to-day and yesterday gathered in the Century Theatre in honor of Mr. Winter. An impressive testimonial, arranged at the suggestion of Viola Allen, met with response from a hundred sources.

Mr. Winter's works include nearly fifty volumes of criticism, poetry, biography and travel.



The late William Winter

DIARY OF A FAMOUS ACTOR

(Continued from page 72)

yet touched me. At the Comédie, we saw "Le Philosophe Marié."

Le Kain was one of the tragedians who never condescended to declaim anything but the purest Alexandrines. He was accounted a worthy successor of Baron, Beaubourg, and Quinault-Dufresne. Le Kain was short, stout and perfectly ugly. His voice was enormous but of disagreeable quality. Contemporaries attributed his success to the simplicity of his style and to his close imitation of nature. He touched Louis XV to tears. "I, who never cry," said the King. Le Kain was a protégé of Voltaire, receiving every moment Voltaire's encouragement and praise.

Mlle. Dumesnil was at this date getting somewhat passé, but she still played with much of the fire and passion that had earned her celebrity. She had come out in 1737, and had at once gained great applause for her rendering of Racine's "Phèdre," and for the impassioned force of her Cléopâtre in Corneille's "Rodogune." So terrible was she in the latter character that she is said more than once to have caused the spectators in the pit to recoil in terror before her. It must be remembered that at that date playgoers in the pit were standees. Mlle. Dumesnil owed little to her physical advantages and all to her nervous energy. She had formerly taught Peg Woffington which should have interested Garrick in the French woman, but she never succeeded in moving him.

Much time was spent in visiting hospitals, picture galleries, etc., but the evening generally found them at the playhouse.

"June 12th. Went to the French Theatre to see 'Arianne,' a tragedy by Corneille, when I saw Mlle. Clairon for the first time, who pleased me more than any actress I have yet seen. Notwithstanding all the reports we have had of the great decency and politeness of a French audience, yet in the middle of the strongest and best scenes of 'Arianne,' they laughed at a messenger who brought news of Theseus, because he happened to be one who acted in Comedy—this was repeated at three different times in the same play."

"June 15th. Went in the evening by myself to see 'Manlius' which seems to be taken from 'Venice Preserved.' The play was written by Le Fosse and has merit. Le Noue told me Le Fosse did not understand English and that both he and Orsay stole from St. Reol as may be seen in his account of the conspiracy at Venice. Grandval pleased me more in the character of Manlius than in anything, no genius in tragedy, false expression always, when he endeavors at the high passions—inattentive to a degree. Sieur Kain has feeling, but swallows his words and his face is so ill made that it creates no feeling in the spectators from its distortions. Clairon has powers but outrée in the parts of her character where she might be less violent, and tame in the places of the highest and finest passages."

The system of Mlle. Clairon was entirely opposed to that of Dumesnil; all her effects were carefully prepared beforehand and reproduced at the desired moment. Garrick, who, like most great actors, believed in much forethought and continual rehearsal, nevertheless condemned Mlle. Clairon as cold and artificial. Thanks to her intelligence and continual study this actress was entirely dependable. That is why Voltaire entrusted to her many principal parts in his plays. Garrick saw her in two of her triumphs.

While in Paris Garrick sat for a portrait by Leotarde. He writes:

"Thursday, June 13th. Went to see Leotarde's pictures, which are indeed very like; went in the evening to Ld. Cornbury, and then saw the Church of St. Rock.

"Friday, June 14th. Sat for my picture, dined with Mynheer Carmolinea, great expectations, much disappointed, went by myself to the opera, liked it worse than before, half asleep, got a headache, went home and in bad humor all the evening.

Garrick also visited his old friend, the impresario, Jean Monnet, and became acquainted with his friends among whom was Favart, with whom he remained on friendly terms and for whom he had much admiration. So it seems probable that on this first visit to Paris he frequented especially the society of people not very prominent in their own day and quite obscure in ours, and that he knew little of the literary and philosophic circles from which he was to have so flattering a welcome in 1764.

SEEING OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

(Continued from page 74)

revealed as a peculiarly colorless actress who made no definite impression upon an audience, despite her obvious beauty. She seemed destitute of all individuality. True, interest was somewhat kindled by her "Oliver Twist," but it quickly died again and she appeared fated for a career of rather dull mediocrity—a sort of stage "filler in," as it were. Then the still small voice of the movie manager called to her; she listened, and—presto! fame! Now she is being featured in photoplays that tax all of her acting ability and has proved equal to all tests, revealing hidden possibilities that no one suspected she possessed. Her portrayal of the Oliver who pantomimed for more showed the same mysterious improvement over her speaking Oliver that is to be noted in the work of all former stars who have become temporarily movie-dumb.

The motion picture camera as a first aid to success upon the legitimate stage is, beyond all cavil, the most vital force in the life of the modern actor. It has put "pep" into the almost dead art of mimicry; it has made actors exclaim to themselves, like the old lady in Mother Goose: "Lauk-a-merc on me, can this be I?"

And with the discovery of their deficiencies has come the re-awakening of their artistic perceptions.

Of course, there are old fogies who will always argue that the movies have played hob with the actors' art. With this shopworn dictum we have small patience. Work before the camera shows an actor what to do with his legs, his arms and his face. It is a training in pantomime that will always be one of his most valuable assets when he reaches that pinnacle toward which he has been climbing. He will learn to co-ordinate those "tremendous trifles" of the player's art into an ensemble of excellence through a realization of the futility of words, substituting for empty mouthings the speaking pauses that are more effective than action.

By seeing himself as others see him, he will finally, by a process of evolution, be all that his unknown judges would have him be, ultimately attaining to that perfection which is his by divine birthright.



© Strauss-Peyton

Julian Eltinge who has forsaken the regular stage for the movies and will be seen as a Paramount Star working at the Lasky-Hollywood Studio this summer

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

By MLLÉ. MANHATTAN

COMÉDIE—SALONS—MODES



WHAT army would not fight for a nation of such women?" exclaimed a gallant Italian prince in whose honor one of our famous hosts recently gathered together a group of representative men and women of New York, at a Sunday fête upon the lawn of his Long Island home. The men were brave and the women—well! It is a beautiful tribute to the faith of our arms which the women of America are paying to the soldiers who bear our burdens in the present world war, by smiles and cheerful attire. Possibly before long we may wear the sombre garb of mourning for our boys, but we women deem it a duty to send our heroes to the front with visions of loved ones showing the red badge of courage in their frocks and frills as well as on their hearts.

And while no single one of all America's splendid wives and sisters and mothers omits her duty to the Red Cross or fails in any detail of the magnificent work of relief or aid to which we are dedicated, equally does she give herself to the inspiring task of devising garments of glory and courage to stimulate and inspire her soldier admirer to deeds of glory.

So, as my eye roved over the panorama of exquisite frocks and wonderful frills at the Mackay lawn fête, I noted that the most frivolously garbed of all the women present were those whose activities in the making of surgical dressings and the assembling of comfort kits were most marked. And with three cheers for the splendid and undaunted good courage of the American woman, I wave with vigor the Star Spangled Banner and rejoice that feminine patriotism takes the form of radiant raiment with our leaders of fashion, and that it is my happy lot to write about the beautiful frocks of the moment.

At the afore-mentioned garden party a prefiguration of Newport's fashions was to be gathered from the general effect of the frocks worn by the social elect. And some of them were worthy of more than a brief description.

* * *

Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, Jr., to whom fell the honor of driving Senator Marconi from Oyster Bay to Roslyn wore—was it by way of subtle compliment?—one of the new Italian military capes as a motor wrap and she chose the Italian colors, green, white, and red, for the enveloping garment. A dust-shedding quality of American silk, white with irregular dashes of cool green, had the regulation military collar up-standing almost to

the ears, of plain white laid onto the cape with a piping of red. The same red appeared as a narrow border around the entire circle of the cape and was used to simulate the slits for arms at each side.

When Mrs. Vanderbilt appeared on the lawn without her motor coat, she was very lovely in a soft white silk costume, beautifully decorated with embroideries of silver wheat. A mauve parasol lined with silver and showing a handle of violet leather exquisitely embossed in a design of silver and green and a girdle of mauve and silver completed this original and lovely frock.

* * *

Mrs. C. C. Rumsey (née Harriman) and Mrs. Willard Straight (née Whitney) wore "picture" frocks of the newly revived old-fashioned grenadine brocaded in Watteau effect and lending itself to charming combinations of silk or lace.

Mrs. Rumsey chose grenadine of a silvery gray ground over which were scattered garlands of lilacs and pink roses. Her underpetticoat of pink taffeta was finished with flat quillings at the hem, and gray suede slippers with stockings to match were worn with the charming frock. Mrs. Straight's gown—a lovely model for Summer wear, was of palest sulphur grenadine with figures like flower petals of turquoise and primrose. It fell in straight lines except for a high drapery on one side over a slip of primrose veiled in orchid chiffon. The bodice was a complicated affair of the taffeta with lovely drapings of grenadine and delicate yellow lace with oddly constructed *choux* of turquoise satin

* * *

Just before sailing for Europe recently the

divinely beautiful Maxine Elliott dropped in at a Fifth Avenue studio for a farewell pose or two before the camera. The resultant photographs show her at her stateliest and best, and one of them—the loveliest I think—shows the very newest idea in fur trimmed Summer wraps which I am glad to reproduce for your delectation. The sumptuous garment is of two odd shades of blue—a delicate "vapor" color in supple lustrous satin and a rare tone of Chinese blue chiffon velours. It is cut on kimono-like lines and richly trimmed with that beautiful Siberian fox which in the Far East is more highly esteemed than sables. "How sweet of Max to run away before we all died of envy of her lovely furs," cried Lady Colebrook as she saw Miss Elliott saying farewell at the Ritz-Carlton to a host of titled friends. And more than one American beauty echoed her ladyship's fervent thanksgiving.

* * *

Mary Garden who intended to sail from "a port in France" for "an Atlantic port" in this country as our carefully censored shipping news says, was disappointed in her earliest intention. But although she missed her boat and was forced to wait for a later vessel, the liner she failed to catch brought over a number of photographs showing "our Mary" in her latest frocks. Soft blue cloth "drap militaire" was chosen for a fascinating one-piece tailor costume. Panels of double box plaits alternating with the accordion plaits are the distinctive features of the skirts of this effective frock, and a close-fitting bodice with distinct waist line and the newly revived Dutch neck shows garnitures of embroidery in Russian colors. Please note the new gloves that button

along the outer edge of the wrist. As for Miss Garden's silver fox furs tradition says that a recently deposed monarch killed the animal which originally wore that covering, and laid the trophy of his bow and spear at the feet of the most democratic and kaiser loathing of prima donnas.

* * *

In the new productions—particularly is this the case in the amusing Ziegfeld Follies—no note of novel charm reveals itself, although the dressmaker responsible for the costuming of that dazzling array of lovely girls (and how exquisitely they would have displayed the beauty of really artistic costumes)—sent two of the most celebrated of milliners' models to augment the beauty chorus. A general note of the bizarre manifests itself on the New



Photo Campbell Studios

Call it a nocturne, a reverie, an impromptu, or a prelude—this is Madge Kennedy's "Chopin" frock



© Mishkin

Ropes of pearls and priceless silver fox touch the extreme notes of a symphony of style in Mary Garden's latest photograph



Yes, indeed, my lady carries her Red Cross knitting bag when she goes a bathing at Newport

Who's afraid of submarines? Not the dashing debutante who proves that the Star Spangled Banner rules the waves at Narragansett Pier

This is the modern mermaid as she flings herself into the foamy waves this Summer

Amsterdam stage, and for once Society finds nothing to copy in a series of costumes that are frankly—almost grotesquely—of the stage, stagey.

One or two pretty frocks worn in "Hitchy-Koo" are much better, and I shall have a picture of new costumes to be introduced at the Cohan and Harris Theatre later on, that Mr. Hitchcock says are the illimitable and limitless limit—if you know what that means—of next year's fashion.

* * *

Miss Jane Cowl who lingers in town for the making of her first Goldwyn picture is wearing some very lovely frocks these Summer evenings, and one of her fetching semi-negligée costumes so well reflects the present craze for long coat effects with exaggerated depth of collar that I am reproducing it. A faint peach-colored charmeuse is the foundation for this lovely confection, and self-colored chiffon veils the full round skirt. The coat is of very lovely Bruges lace laid in a deep flounce upon net. A band of kolinsky outlines the jacket front, stopping short at the waist and the full bodice shows a vari-colored nosegay at the waist line.

Another lovely costume of Miss Cowl's is a semi-sport effect in an utterly new fabric that resembles heavy soft silk covered with a web of tangled knots, like the old-fashioned camel's hair *bouclé* or like the madras curtains of other days. White veiled in tangles of absinthe green is Miss Cowl's selection for this coat and skirt effect, and the exaggerated slenderness of her round waist is marked by a loosely knotted sash of soft yellow silk with a deep fringe of white.

* * *

Miss Madge Kennedy is another actress who is dallying at the shrine of the camera in this neigh-

borhood and while the star of "Fair and Warmer" is devoted to the "movie" by day she finds time for a few friends at her home, and now and then is hostess at an evening of music.

Miss Kennedy calls the accompanying dress her "Chopin frock," and in its vague soft lines with a shimmer of satin and gleams of pearl and crystal embroidery here and there, you really catch something of the murmur and flash of a Chopin nocturne. As you see in the picture (which really needs no description) one of Chopin's beloved "black" roses (Mme. George Sands' morbid blossoms) trails across the front of Miss Kennedy's Chopin frock to complete the likeness.

* * *

I am just back from a short visit to Newport where I find everybody as demure and Red Crossy as possible while indoors and as madly riotous and freakish as possible while on the sands, engaged in what my lady is pleased to call bathing at Baily's beach. Such insanities as this season's bathing suits I have never seen even at Ostende (Poor Belgium! Poor Ostende!) and the two or three I have sketched from life are by no means the most extreme and freakish to be seen at the fashionable bathing hour each day.

I really believe Annette Kellermann would have foamed and bitten herself with rage could she have seen a Pittsburgh beauty in the semi-mermaid, semi-Greek costume worn for a dip the other morning. White talma cloth was used for the classic Greek tunic in this wonderful bathing dress and immense tassels (the novelty of the moment) finished the peplum points at the knee. Instead of the ordinary turban or bathing cap the Pittsburgh heiress wore a Greek cap, of rubber

with an oddly shaped file of embroidery that looked like a mermaid's scales. The same mermaid effect was seen on the long bathing stockings drawn over the swimming tights. When the wearer of this costume dropped her bathing cloaks at the water's edge the assembled beach-combers gasped and awaited her return from her dip—every one expected to see a limp and bedraggled siren; but when she emerged from the waves, this disappointing Venus proved that the fabric of which her costume was constructed was perfectly impervious to the action of water—it was as perfect in cut and hang as when she stepped out of her enveloping mantle, and even the tassels retained their saucy coquetry.

A patriotic bathing costume I saw at the Pier was apparently made of bunting. The skirt and bodice showed the stars and stripes in all their glory and white cavalry-cut knickers showed scarlet buttons, while the high-heeled bathing shoes that this season has brought forth, had tips of the same color. To complete the patriotic effect the beach parasol carried by this fair bather bore a large American eagle painted in an impressionist splash of color.

I must ask Faibisy to explain the new tassels that seem a feature of bathing suits this year. They appeared on a striking pierrot sort of costume worn by a stunning blonde girl who was a guest of the Oelrichs family last week.

In addition to her tassels, her high-heeled bathing boots and her Panama swimming hat—each sufficient novelty for a single costume, this divinity carried her Red Cross knitting to the water's edge in a bag which was guarded by the maid who took charge of her bathing cloak. When this young water

(Concluded on page 108)

MID-SUMMER FASHIONS FOR MEN

By BEAUNASH



JUST as the scintillating comedian may be, in private life, a mopish misanthrope, so fashions for men, which shine on the stage, may dull off the boards. This is by way of answering the oft-asked question, "Do actors set men's fashions?"

Some of the best-turned-out men in America belong to the theatre. You can't think of Mr. John Drew as an actor in a drawing-room play without a mental snap-shot of him as a miracle of valettry with whom the correct thing, from hat to spat, is first thought, second nature and sixth sense.

He wore, perhaps, a lounge suit of brown basket-weave cheviot—a simple brown suit, and "it was nothing more," like Wordsworth's primrose. This suit was cut in London's West End, and was as unmistakably British, as a portable tub or a punting pole.

But his ineffable maner of wearing that simple brown lounge suit! Do you recall his detached, *dégage* air of being one and indivisible with his clothes, which seemed to say: "One goes in for clothes, just as one goes in for muffins and marmalade, but why make no end of bother about it, dear fellow," and there you are. The secret of smartness is subtly to convey the impression that clothes are merely an incident to you, light as a *soufflé*.

Nevertheless, actors do not set men's fashions, though they unquestionably give them a filip toward wider adoption. A case in point—Mr. William Gillette and his sybaritic dressing gowns, which taught some of us the fine art of *il dolce far niente* with book, Bourbon and baccy.

There are many smartly dressed youngsters and oldsters on the stage and I shall picture and describe their clothes in forthcoming articles. The one possible fault of stage fashions, interpreting Society with a capital S, is that they are prone to keep a capital eye toward the audience. Thus, the actor may sometimes put on a bit too much swank and attempt the audacious and bizarre.

This, however, is not a shortcoming peculiar to the actor alone. It is just as chargeable to the humdrum stockbroking chap. Many men are natural only when they are artificial. They are actors off the boards, with themselves as a *claque*. This sort always overdoes contemporary fashions, misjudging the strut of the cocksparrow for the ease of the "grand seigneur."

Longish jackets they wear longer. Tightish trousers they make tighter. Hats meant to be clapped down over the brow they turn into eardistending absurdities. Their measure of perfection is the haberdasher's clerk or the shaved and scented poodle with his Sunday bow on.

It is a distinguishing trait of the man who goes about among smart people that his fashions are never exaggerated. He is an extremist only in being a stickler for extremely top quality. With him, to be conspicuous is to hunt tufts.

* * *

Turning to the smart fashions of mid-Summer, one finds that, befitting the thoughtful trend of the times here and overseas, they are held in leash by a nice restraint.

However, we are at war, which means that at once the saddest and gayest figure in contempo-

rary history, *le beau sabreur*, is influencing the styles of the hour. We are borrowing his cape-like topcoat, his multi-plaited jacket, his truculent helmet, his trig puttees, his ham-flare riding breeches, yes, even his spruce swagger stick, which as a teacup to a woman, gives you something to do with your hands.

We, a non-military nation, have suddenly turned as martial in our mode of dress as the veriest Captain Bobadil of a swashbuckler clanking his sword and breathing brimstone.

This motif *à la soldat* is traceable in those Summer lounge jackets with longer, full-fold



Photo Aime Dupont

An example of a well-dressed man for country and seashore—Mr. Donald Brian. He is known as one of New York's best dressers

gathered skirts which ripple or flare like an officer's, though we have not yet come back to the pinched-in waist and the sharp out-spring below.

* * *

It is a lazy afternoon at Newport. The sun glares down like a disk of burnished brass. The cottage colony, that set which makes an idol of polite idling, is at its hot-weather *divertissements*. The socially photographed and paragraphed, dear to the cinema man, the cub reporter and Miss Gladys Snodgrass, who cuts her own frocks from perforated paper patterns, is motoring, golfing, lawn fête-ing, tennis playing, Casino-ing, Reading Room-ing, Tea-ing, Cliff-climbing or Bellevue Avenue-ing.

You will miss many familiar figures, for they're in olive drab to teach the Germans that you can't tweak Uncle Sam's chin-tuft with impunity. Nevertheless, it is a kaleidoscopic assembly, the high world performing, whilst the three-quarter, half and under-world look on, amused or amazed, as one happens to take it.

That silk knockabout suit over there on the up-standing chap groomed to a hair, cost \$100—the silk alone is worth \$30. It may be Shantung or tussah or some splendid pebbled weave from China or Japan, worthy of an emperor, but it is only worn for an hour or two, and, then, needs a valet's ministrations.

It is cut with inimitable smartness, and seems tight, while, really, it is very loose and full-draping. Those expanding bellows plaits over the blades allow free come-and-go. The full military belt is not even fastened. There are plaits extending vertically on both sides, after the manner of the English aviator's jacket, which, they say, is jacketed plait, instead of a plaited jacket. The shade is a deep golden tan, quite unlike the khaki tans of commerce and commonness. Knickers, of course, not too bulgily baggy.

Such a suit is typical of the country clothes one affects this Summer—cool, spruce and of a fineness astonishing even in this age of mushroom munition millionaires.

Then, there are the speckless white flannels, serges and silks; the Scotch homespuns, the corduroys, the tweeds, the Shetlands, as well as the white doesskins for the nets or the links and the moleskins and shepherd's checks for the saddle.

* * *

At all the fashionable country clubs, Casinos and Spas one meets well-turned-out men lounging about in knickers. They are even put on motor-ing, motor-boating, and the like. Indeed, during the last two years, knickers have come to be accepted as the smartest and seemliest get-up not only for sport, but for general country use.

The prospect that knickers will be requisitioned for everything but formal town wear is not so remote as it may seem. The war has not only changed frontiers, but customs and habits of thought. A certain soldierly spruceness and sparseness have inched into men's dress, a certain paring down of accoutrements to the military minimum.

Knickers are as sensible as a plain girl or the advice you never take. They leave your legs unencumbered. They let you take long strides, mount a horse or sail a boat with equal freedom. They are certain to displace trousers for every outdoor occasion—beach, boardwalk or backwoods.

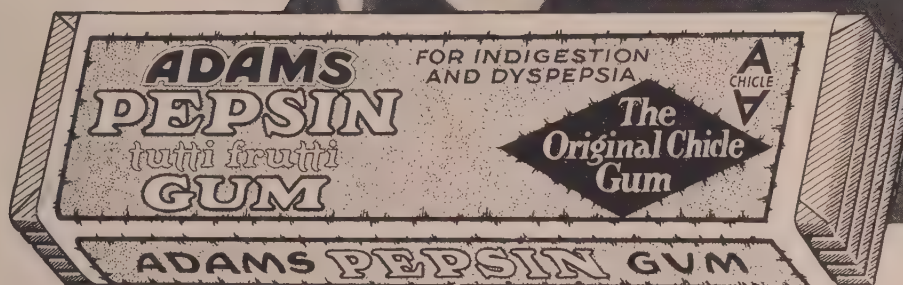
* * *

Gone are the hock-bottle shoulders that used to spoil the lounge jacket and make it a pinched-and-hunched absurdity. Shoulders are natural, waistlines are natural, skirt-drapery is natural, naturalness is the key in which all contemporary fashion is pitched.

The double-breasted affair is one of the modish jackets of the season. It has two buttons, the top being left unfastened to stress softness.



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THE COMING STYLES BY FAIBISY



IT is always more thrilling to look into the future, filled as it is with possibilities, than into the past which is dead, although its living embers may teach many worth while lessons. The very uncertainty of the future gives it an interest which makes an appeal to the imagination, like that of a story or a play when we cannot foresee the unfolding of the plot.

The thought, at least the future holds all things for all men, it offers unalloyed happiness and threatens unknown calamities. Because it has not yet been, we expect great things of it, hope beckons always gaily from somewhere in the future and so when it becomes the present, it should be the effort of everyone to get the best from it in the way of life, expression and achievement.

We are all hoping with a great hope that the future holds out individual glory, victory and eventually an effective peace, to our armies in France. This period of reconstruction seems to be one of Renaissance for the political ideas of the world and there is scarcely anyone that does not look to the future for wonderful regenerations which will transform the history of all countries and create marvelous developments.

There is no reason why every form of endeavor, whether it be in the artistic or commercial field or both, should not have a part in this recreation.

In every period of the world's history dress has been more or less influenced by the thought and political ideals of the people and so at this time the first interpretation of them is the effort to reproduce in effect, the soldier's or officer's uniform, or a detail of the Highlander's sash or kilt, or the aviator's cap. Khaki has become a favorite color and the nurse's red cross costume appears in many modifications.

But there will be a far broader influence than this felt.

Nations are asking their freedom, declaring their independence of tyrannical government, peoples wish to choose their own leaders and make their own laws. It may be a far cry from politics to fashions, but this same independence of feeling has been felt and will continue to play its part in the dress creations of the world.

Style is another tyrant which is gradually being dethroned and individuals, whether they be the creators or the wearers of beautiful garments, are demanding more and more the freedom to express their ideas independently of the formal dictates of a tyrannical fashion idea.

Different schools of dress should be acknowledged as they are of other arts, for they exist. There are those who place simplicity and comfort first, in designing, they are the exponents of the natural lines.

Others think first of their fabrics and are taken up with the development of charming draperies. These

too are governed more or less by simplicity.

Again other creators are led by their color sense or lose themselves in elaboration of detail and ornamentation and still others are obsessed with the use of the masculine or tailored lines in what are called smart types.

Of course, he is best who belongs to a universal school and draws from the world in his experience and from an inspired imagination what will achieve the most charming result for

ardization in women's garments, which has been hinted at recently, we have become emancipated from the narrow style idea and are taken up with the expression of what is best.

With this month we reach that moment in the year, when though still the Summer, Summer fashions are not of much interest, they belong more to the past because they are a known quantity. So for our diversion in this line, we look to the future.

In our imagination, the scene

standing this, it will be in some particulars a conservative season, and by preference we will select toilettes which combine simplicity with an elegance recherché.

Such types can be made extremely charming, especially when they follow the natural silhouette.

It may be expected that lines will not be in the least complicated but street frocks and suits will be more than ever important as many will wear them to the exclusion of everything else because it will be such an active season, and for this reason there will be no limit to the effort to make them more than ever beautiful and chic.

Being in simple lines much of their cachet will be given by extensive use of fur trimmings. There are plans being made for Miss New York to appear in most unusual and becoming of fur wraps and coats, many of them with draped lines and velvet and furs will be combined in charming colorings.

Notwithstanding the high cost of fabrics, very elegant ones will be used as it is necessary with plain lines and besides the heavy satin surfaced materials and crêpes, velvet will undoubtedly play a large part in the Winter's styles, and we will see again metallic cloths and brocades.

Draperies will attempt the straight line rather than the oval, peg top or jug outline, which they have aped in the past and as is inevitable when lines are simple, plain panels will be embroidered in original designs of either silk or beading and here there will be opportunity for some bizarre effects but there will be few startling innovations.

Color contrasts and harmonies will offer the greatest opportunity to the couturier and I believe that many brilliant effects will be seen, especially in the softer transparent fabrics such as chiffons used for evening or the semi-dress gowns with the high back and long transparent sleeves.

I have chosen two extremes for my sketches this month, both frocks of the next season. The first portrays the combination of velvet and fur of which I have already spoken. It is a late Autumn street frock of soft green chiffon velvet with high choker collar, unusual cuffs with insert at the centre of black velvet and border at the bottom of skirt, all of taupe fox. There are braidings which hint at the military and a girdle suggestion of black velvet.

The little evening frock is almost too simple to describe. The straight bodice is of old blue beaded chiffon held over the left shoulder with a marine blue velvet ribbon faced with orange which slips in and out through buttonhole slits in corsage and skirt with a knot falling over the skirt, which is of pale blue divided at unequal depths with eight bands of old blue, beaded chiffon. A brilliant rose is at the right of the waist line.



Two of Faibisy's original creations

the woman or women to be gowned, without any limitations. Fashion should be a synonym for beauty and charm, then we would never go to ridiculous extremes unless we particularly wished to be ridiculous, for she who is artistically gowned will always appear in fashion.

There is no reason why the long bodice and full skirt of Colonial times should not appear in the same drawing room with the short waisted and slim effect of the Empire. The barrel silhouette and the straight line need not be enemies, the chemise frock and the fitted model have a place side by side because they are becoming to different types.

Far from working toward a stand-

changes, the sky is just as blue, the sunshine as bright but Autumn winds are stirring, everyone walks with a brisker gait and there is the smell of snowflakes in the air. New York is seen again apparelled for Fall and Winter.

Women will be busy with their benefits and their Red Cross activities, but they will at the same time cling to their coquetties in the matter of dress. Nothing will keep them from dreaming of the modes that are being prepared for them and trying to penetrate these lovely mysteries.

It is said in France that only Americans know how to wear extreme styles with grace but notwith-

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

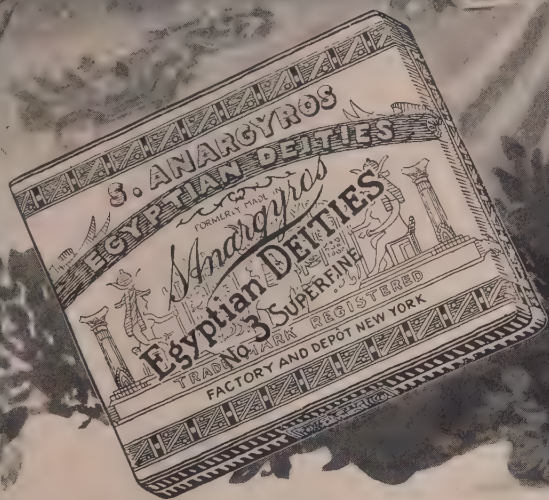
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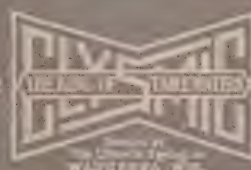
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FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

(Continued from page 103)



Photo White
This is Jane Cowl's favorite negligée
for mid-Summer wear

during a dance she sat out with a half dozen cavaliers, she produced a half-finished scarf from nowhere at all, apparently and demurely clicked ivory knitting needles for the benefit of some soldier-knight.

* * *

The second dancing frock was a very lovely creation of white lace, the skirt draped into a graceful series of cascades by two bands of turquoise blue satin posed half way between hip and knee. The bodice of lace was so arranged that long tabs falling from the shoulder and bust over a deep girdle of primrose, mauve and turquoise formed a sort of coatee that fell low on the skirt. I am afraid that in the description this sounds like a negligée, but the effect was not at all of that type of garment, and the novel arrangement of both petticoat draperies and bodice struck a very charming note of originality.

* * *

I must note in closing that the early affairs at Newport and the fashionable Long Island houses where the modes of the season are born, indicate that

nymph came to the shore for a sun bath on the sand, she diligently plied her knitting needles and half the soldier boys on the beach were eager to hold her ball of wool.

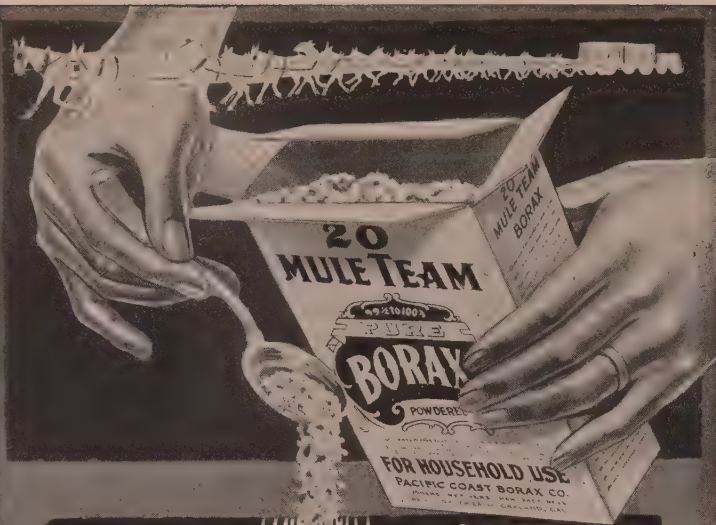
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I must tell you of two very lovely frocks worn at one of the first smart functions of the Newport season before I lay down my pen.

One of them formed a part of the trousseau of a recent bride and was of a changeable silk that must have been woven by fairy fingers so delicate was the shimmery, rosy gold of the fabric. Over the under jupon was a graceful tunic of pale maize net and over this was a second tunic of delicate flesh pink at the bottom of the silk underskirt were three rows of choux, the lower of the silk with a row of gold choux posed above it and over that a third circle of silken rosettes. The bodice of this charming frock was a moyen age basque of rare silk lace with a lustrous gleam like Oriental pearls. Softly yellow in tint, the lace blended beautifully with the tones of the skirt, and the long mediæval sleeves that fell to the hem were edged with a narrow band of gold as was the square moyen age neck. It was a wee bit incongruous to see the graceful bride who wore this old-time costume dancing the newest twentieth century hops and trots, but the unities of time seemed restored, no matter how the unities of place were outraged, when



Photo Underwood & Underwood
Siberian fox of dull yellow brown is the fur used on Marine Elliott's newest evening wrap



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For the
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A Shilling in London
A Quarter Here

MR. SOTHERN has written a charming story for the annual Fiction Number — a story of a man and woman marooned in the White Mountains, a story sparkling with clever dialogue — and a surprise at the end.

It is one of seven short stories in this one issue, by such writers as John Galsworthy, Henry van Dyke, and Gordon Arthur Smith, and illustrated by men like Charles E. Chambers, Franklin Booth, A. B. Frost, H. J. Mowat, and Alonzo Kimball.

And among the other noteworthy features is "The Latest Types of Fighting Aeroplanes." Carroll Dana Winslow, who wrote "With the French Flying Corps," is the author and he illustrates it himself with his photographs made on the Champagne front.



From a photograph by Sarony

E. H. Sothorn

browses in the field of short-story writing in the

August SCRIBNER'S

These August numbers of Scribner's have become a regular institution in the magazine world. They are so "full of a number of things" — big names, yes — but, better yet, big things attached to those names. You will find that a habit of Scribner's — selecting stories, articles, and pictures because they are big in themselves. Perhaps that accounts for the place of honor which this August number will occupy on the summer reading-tables of our 100,000 particularly good American homes. Will yours be one of them?



Galsworthy



Chambers



Van Dyke



Gordon Arthur Smith



Mowat

ECHOES OF THE PAST



Maggie Mitchell

LIKE Lotta the incomparable, Maggie Mitchell retired from the stage when in her prime and is happily now alive in New York at the advanced age of eighty-five. The present generation of theatre goers presumably never heard of her as it has been more than forty years since she last appeared. She was a famous actress when Lincoln was president and you will find her listed in "Whos Who in America." Maggie Mitchell was twice married, first to Henry Paddock, then to Charles Abbott. Her sister Mary Mitchell was a member of the Boston Museum Stock Company way back in the early 70's. Julian Mitchell is, I believe, a nephew and quite active as manager, etc. Who will ever forget the sparkle of Maggie Mitchell in such plays as "Mignon," "Fanchon," "The Pearl of Savoy" and others linked with her career.

She celebrated her eighty-third birthday by going from her Long Island summer home to New York City to see Cyril Maude in "Grumpy." Likewise when "The Song of Songs" was put on she made the trip to see John Mason in it, for he made his debut in her company and she has always been interested in him. She went on the stage in 1833 when an infant in arms and four years later spoke her first lines. Her debut as an adult was made at the Boston Museum Company followed by a tour of the country and her name was a household word.

MARION HOWARD.

NEW YORK TO SEE
"CHU CHIN CHOW"

On Thursday, October 18th, "Chu Chin Chow," the reigning success of London, will be presented at the Manhattan Opera House, this city. The play is a great big dramatic and musical fantasy, the scenes of which are laid in Bagdad a thousand years ago. It is the story of a notorious robber chieftain who comes into Bagdad with his band of thieves, disguised as a Chinese Mandarin, and the narrative explains how his plan to loot the city is foiled by a slave girl whose lover he has ill-treated in the past.

It is the biggest London success of many years. Representatives of Messrs. Elliott, Comstock and Gest are now in London arranging to bring over the complete English production. The cast in all probability will include some of the English players but most of the important rôles will be portrayed by American players. "Chu Chin Chow" is expected to run the entire season at the Manhattan, as it has already been given in London 400 times.

A DRAMATIST'S HOME

ON page 91 of this issue appear some interesting pictures of the beautiful home of Mr. Rupert Hughes at Bedford Hills. Almost every house has attached to it an interesting history of some kind, and the palatial residence of the author of "Excuse Me" and other popular plays and novels is no exception.

Mr. Hughes and his wife came back from a visit to France where they had spent several weeks at Marlotte in the Fontainebleau Forest, at a hotel where the entrance led through an arch into a courtyard. There were rooms over the arch which particularly excited their admiration.

They got back to America in hot weather and looked for a summer place at Bedford Hills where they had rented before. The place they finally found, and which is the site of their present home, had a frame house on it. There was also a bit of forest with outcropping ledges of rock like a miniature Fontainebleau. They immediately fell in love with the place and bought it.

ONE snowy midnight in December a severe blizzard swept over Bedford Hills. The house caught fire and burned up. While Mr. Hughes ran about squirting useless extinguishers at the blaze, his wife got the children and servants hustled out of bed, and a vast amount of manuscripts were thrown out into the snow. The children, servants and manuscripts were about all that was saved.

Thereupon the dramatist set about building a new house, and resolved to make it the fire-proofest that he could. It is often referred to in architectural articles as an example of fire-proof residential construction. There are not even wooden floors or stairways in it, and there are fire doors with a core of asbestos. The floors and stairs are covered with marbeloid, a mineral composition. The dramatist's studio is floored with tile.

Mr. Hughes made some crude sketches including an archway under a room—suggested by the one seen in France—and a duplex studio such as he had previously lived in in New York, and a general long, low line growing out of the lie of the land on which it was to set.

From these the brilliant young architect, Aymar Embury II, made the finished plans, contributing, of course, the art and practicability and the comfort. He designed also the bridge at the end of the lake, from schemes suggested by Mr. Hughes who has always been an enthusiast over Ionic columns and who asked for a combination of bench and bridge. Embury would not give just what was wanted, but he gave something better.

The desk in the workshop the author picked up at an antique furniture store. It is said to be fairly old, but better still it is very solid, roomy and comfortable.

THE house is on a farm of forty-five acres. There are sixteen other buildings on the place counting the foreman's house, the garage, chicken house, etc. The shrubbery is unusually good as the original owner, the late Mr. Van der Emde, imported from Europe and Japan many very beautiful trees and bushes. He built the lakes from a brook that runs down through the farm. The place was named "Whitewood" because of the number of very tall tulip trees growing there. Mr. Hughes writes:

"The lakes are stocked with black bass and huge gold fish with lacy tails, but I don't fish. The farm is stocked with cows which I can't milk, chickens which I can't tell apart, crops of which I know nothing except their beauty and the cost of the fertilizer to fatten them. But it is all very comfortable. It is home."

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FAILURE LITTLE THEATRES

(Continued from page 82)

Robertson came over to show us how it was being done abroad. Little Theatres began to pop up in Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and they have been spreading ever since with geometric progression.

Think what a magnificent array of playwrights are already associated with the Little Theatre movement—Shaw, Galsworthy, Stanley Haughton, Lady Gregory, St. John Hankin, Harold Brighouse, Dunsany and Synge. There's hardly a young dramatist in this country that doesn't take the cause as his own. Already the Wisconsin Players have published a volume of their virile one acts. A book of charming Cincinnati playlets by Mary MacMillan is on the market and the Drama League has just added a volume of Washington Square plays to the league series.

The Little Theatre idea is right and it will live. The time has come when the people are going to take over the theatre and try out its tremendous possibilities. Never in the history of the world has the stage come to such high social status. Never since the days of Queen Elizabeth has there been such a dramatic revival. The great thinkers of the day vie with each other in expressing their thoughts in plays. The most important artists are anxious to design settings for them. Desirable citizens of every class are willing to act them. Magazines and newspapers are devoting whole departments to the stage. Every bookstore has a prominent display of books on the drama. Every college has courses about it. Playreading is becoming as popular as novel reading and may yet surpass it. It would seem that the Golden Age of the drama is breaking upon us and we of the Little Theatres are privileged to be taking part in it.

BEAUTY UNNECESSARY FOR STAGE SUCCESS

(Continued from page 80)

even as the prince does.

On the other side, of course, you can make up a tidy list of actresses whose beauty will be admitted by all—or, at least, who all will agree are pretty. Besides Miss Elliott, there is Ethel Barrymore, Elsie Ferguson, Jane Cowl, Ruth Chatterton, Lola Fisher, Billie Burke, Phoebe Foster, Katherine La Salle, George, George, Mary Lawton, Julia Anderson, Marie Doro, Marguerite Clark, Pauline Frederick, and such players of the classic drama as Julia Marlowe, Julia Arthur and, within the recollection of some of us, Mary Anderson. Any reader can extend the list according to his own preferences. Yet extend it as you will, it is doubtful if you can make it, on the whole, as representative of really first-class histrionic talent as the list of actresses who are not conventionally beautiful; and it will be further found, we fancy, that the players of whom you are inclined to say, "she's pretty, rather than beautiful," will be the ones who occupy the lesser positions. Mary Anderson and Julia Marlowe were at the head of their profession. Miss Ferguson, for some years at least, seemed destined to go far. We are not quite so sure of her after her poor work the past two seasons. Miss Barrymore once reached "Mid-Channel" and Jane Cowl has high ambitions and is growing in talent. But what a host of pretty little players arise, year after year, delight us in ingenue rôles, captivate our masculine senses with their youth and pert pinkness, only to fade gradually from sight! Can it be that beauty, so-called, is not alone a physical endowment, but in part a spiritual, that it increases as character expands, or makes itself potent because of an inner force behind it?

FOR the ingenue rôles, of course, youth and prettiness are demanded by the public. We must have a Ruth Chatterton in "Come Out of the Kitchen," a Lola Fisher in "Good Gracious Annabelle." It is very pleasant when we can get young and pretty players like these two, who have skill as well as good looks. Probably both these players would get on in the world if they were not so attractive, though hardly so rapidly. There are other young and pretty players, however, who have not their skill, and who, ten years hence, are unlikely to be as well known as they are to-day. Their looks have made them valuable now, and with the passing of youth will pass their usefulness. On the other hand, it is inconceivable that Laura Crews will not find a niche to fill in the theatre as long as she can totter out before the footlights, even as dear old Mrs. Gilbert did. We don't know whether Mrs. Gilbert was ever pretty. Certainly when we came to know her she was a rather homely old lady—and if a play had no part for her, the dramatist hastened to write one in, so beloved was she, so much did her ripe art add to the performance.

Well, we set out with the intention of showing how desirable beauty is for the actress, and we seem to have made out something of a case against it! It is certainly true that a musical comedy chorus of Charlotte Cushmans would spell ruin for the manager. But it is equally true that in the higher ranges of the drama beauty tends less and less to be a necessity for success. Probably in getting a first hearing, a start, youth and striking prettiness are a decided advantage; good looks are an advantage then even for the male actor. But as time goes on, as the player rises to maturer rôles, it is less mere physical attractiveness the audience looks for, and more the charm of an interesting personality and the spell cast by skilful acting.



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THE BILL OF THE PLAY

(Continued from page 68)

on having his name printed in large letters. Chetwood in his "History of the Stage," published in 1749, recites a difficulty that had arisen in reference to printing the playbills. "In printing the cast, the names were listed as they appeared in the book of the play, without regard to the actors merit, as for example in 'Macbeth,' Duncan, King of Scotland, appeared first in the bill, though acted by an insignificant person. And so every other actor appeared according to his dramatic dignity, all of the same sized letter. But latterly, I can assure my readers, I have found it a difficult task to please some ladies as well as gentlemen, because I could not find letters large enough to please them." The "Connoisseur," printed in 1754, says: "The writer of the playbills deals out his capitals in so just a proportion that you may tell the salary of each actor by the size of the letter in which his name is printed. When the present manager (Garrick) of Drury Lane first came on the stage a new set of types, two inches long, were cast on purpose to do honor to his extraordinary merit."

The actor finally became so insistent in his demand for "larger and larger" letters, that the managers in self-defense threatened to stop printing bills altogether. It was finally arranged that all names should be printed in the same size type, with a concession to the "star" of placing his Christian name on the bill.

The first dramatic performance in America is supposed to have taken place in 1718. From that date until 1752, there is no authentic record of the use by managers of the "bill of the play." In those days the newspapers were the medium through which the managers reached their public. It is from these announcements that the first information of the theatre in America is obtained. Later on, the advertisements carry the line, "For further particulars see bills of the day." The earliest American bill of which there is an authentic record is one issued for a company of players at the theatre in Williamsburg, Virginia, in June, 1753. Another very rare bill of which there is only one known copy, was issued from the New Theatre, in Nassau Street, New York, September, 1753.

In form and fashion the bills used in this country followed the English ones and were utilized in the same manner, being hung up on the posts and in the public houses. This custom of using the public posts prevailed in New York as late as the seventies, when a city ordinance was passed forbidding the practice.

It was in America that the "bill of the play" first began to assume a new form. It grew in size from one eight inches long to one five times that length. The bill most generally circulated when they first began to increase in size, were the ones printed in the early part of the eighteenth century measuring six inches in width and from twenty to forty inches in length. While they were practical for advertising purposes they must have been somewhat bulky for use as a program. All available records show that at this period they were put to that service. The expense account of the old Chatham Theatre for 1828, shows that the management paid for, "announcement bills for Mr. Booth (the elder) fifty dollars—bills of the play, three times, forty-five dollars." The cost of printing bills for the old National Theatre, for one season in 1837, was over forty-five hundred dollars.

To-day the manager of a New York theatre pays barely three hundred dollars a year for printing, while for this program he receives a large bonus for the privilege. For advertising in daily papers he pays upwards of twenty thousand dollars a year.



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PERMANENT HOME FOR FAMOUS AMATEURS

(Continued from page 88)

Wm. E. Burton, while Mrs. Daniel Paine Griswold, who conferred such distinction on numerous productions, was the Annie Robe of the famous Wallack stock company. Equally interesting from every point of view, is the list of men who figured in the early activities of the club. Some of them were: Elisha Dyer, Frederick Delano Weekes, Fred H. Allen, Gordon Gabriel Cleather, Chase Mellen, Meredith Howland, Robert Lee Mowell, Leonidas Lee Lawson, Augustus P. Montant and the two Boyntons, Theodore V. and Chas. E., both dead. Three other members of the original days, that death early carried off were Frederic Edgar Camp, Albert La Montagne and Francis Napier Saunders. Each was a player of really superior attainments. At least four active members of the club turned pleasure into a profession, Jacob Wendell, Jr., John F. Cook, Palmer Coolidge and Walker Marcus Dennett, and made acting a life work. But Coolidge soon returned to the law and Dennett to the more prosaic exactions of Wall St. Wendell, who was for years the mainstay of the club was on the rapid way to high distinction in the professional ranks when death intervened as it did in the case of Cook, who appeared in several Frohman productions.

The Amateur Comedy Club at the present day was never in a more flourishing condition. Under the enterprising direction of its president, Henry Clapp Smith, it has an active membership of ninety-nine and an associate list to which people are clamoring for enrollment. It is all the while taking in new blood and contrary to the past history of such organizations there will be talented and interested players to carry on the work even after the old timers become too aged to enact other than octogenarians.

Mrs. Nexdore: "My daughter plays the piano. Perhaps you've heard her?"

Mrs. Newcome (with great self-restraint): "I've heard the piano."

Mrs. Nexdore: "Yes, my daughter Mary is very musical."

Mrs. Newcome: "Ah! You have two daughters then?"

THE RENAISSANCE OF GREENWICH VILLAGE

(Continued from page 94)

houses in quiet waters near the rapids. I want to be close to the exciting current of life that flows along the avenues and I want to be able to swim into it at a moment's notice. But I don't want to live in it, because I can't stand the strain."

George Middleton, the husband of Lola La Follette, the brilliant daughter of Senator La Follette, one of President Wilson's impatiently characterized "wilful twelve," is a Greenwich Villager. Said he:

"I believe the happiest marriages require space, and there are many houses here that with a little fixing remove one from the cliff dwellers. Incidentally space and low rents for benefits received go hand in hand, a rare phenomenon in New York."

Thompson Buchanan sums its advantages with his epigrammatic gift: "The Village is the one neighborhood in New York where you don't have to lie to make an impression."

Guido Bruno, the writer, who once edited a magazine in his studio, which he called "The Garret," has been styled "The Mayor of Greenwich Village."

But perhaps the village's most picturesque figure is "Bobbie" Edwards, "the Irving Berlin of Greenwich Village." A tall, pale young man, Bobbie Edwards wears the garb of an average New Yorker, but to Polly's, to the Dutch Oven, the Black Cat, and to other restaurants typical of "Village" life, he goes to sing his songs. Once an illustrator, he has dropped the crayon for the score. He accompanies his songs upon an instrument which he himself makes, in his studio in South Washington Square, and which he adorns in brilliant colors, the greens and reds and purples of the impressionistic school.

"Be sure to save your cigar boxes for Bobbie Edwards," may be heard any night in many restaurants of New York's Montmartre.

Presently the pale young man walks to the desk or cigar counter and with smile and bow collects the empty receptacles of the weed. He will carry them to his studio and rapidly fashion them into replicas of the Hawaiian musical instrument, which, lighter toned than the cigar guitar, still resembles it.

SOME NEW COLUMBIA RECORDS

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Eight popular patriotic song recordings are also listed.

Delightful Luck Gates, accompanied by Frank Gittelsohn, has recorded two song classics that are dear to the hearts of all music lovers, Greene's "Sing Me to Sleep," and Braga's "Angel's Serenade." Adv.

GETTING OLD SCENERY OUT OF THE TRENCHES

(Continued from page 70)

quently glimpses of the peach-jam factory in "Turn to the Right." If it is a gadding daughter you would curb, rent for her the cabaret setting from "Experience." If an erring son, try the efficacy of a runaway scene from the Winter Garden.

It would be superfluous to dwell on the further possibilities of my plan. My readers have already far outstripped me in the accumulation of specific instances. That the few plays I have mentioned happen not to have been failures is beside the point. I have desired not to wound the feelings of our susceptible producers by calling up painful memories—else I should have cited the possibilities—confining myself to the 1916-17 season only—of the scenery designed for "Yvette," "Broadway and Butter-milk," "Gamblers All," "Backfire," "In for the Night," "Mr. Lazarus," "A Little Bit of Fluff," "Somebody's Luggage," "The Guilty Man," "The Happy Ending," "A Pair of Queens," "The Girl from Brazil," "Fast and Grow Fat," "Paganini," "Catherine," "The Basker," "Object Matrimony," "Go to It," "Rich Man, Poor Man," "Our Little Wife," "Such Is Life," "Mile-a-Minute Kendall," "Follow Me," "Margery Daw," "Seremonda," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Her Husband's Wife," and plenty of others. Just think, for instance, how useful the heaven scene from "The Happy Ending" might be to the flat-dweller whose nearest neighbor is the Sixth Avenue "L"—which he naturally pronounces Cockney!

Counting two sets each on an average for the plays I have mentioned, you have fifty-four. The season will more than double that number of settings that died aborning. Think of the mouldering relics of all the seasons past. Assuredly there is plenty of material to start with.

As for the mechanical detail of this new Scenery Service—they will prove very simple. We need only a rental or royalty agreement with the owners, a delivery and installation bureau, a publicity department, and an office force organized to meet the needs of our subscribers. The Service will be furnished by the year, month, or week. In many cases it may be rotary. Harlem will get next month what Washington Heights had last. When all of New York has had a chance at our original stock we shall send it to Boston. Of course, it will be constantly rejuvenated and kept in repair by our corps of painters and carpenters. In a short time we shall have to be painting new settings of our own to meet individual needs.

The cost of the Service to the subscriber will naturally vary. It will depend on how often you want the set changed as well as on the quality supplied. Obviously you could not expect Joseph Urban for the same price at which we could furnish Lee Lash. But the schedule will be flexible, and we shall endeavor to meet the possibilities of every pocketbook.



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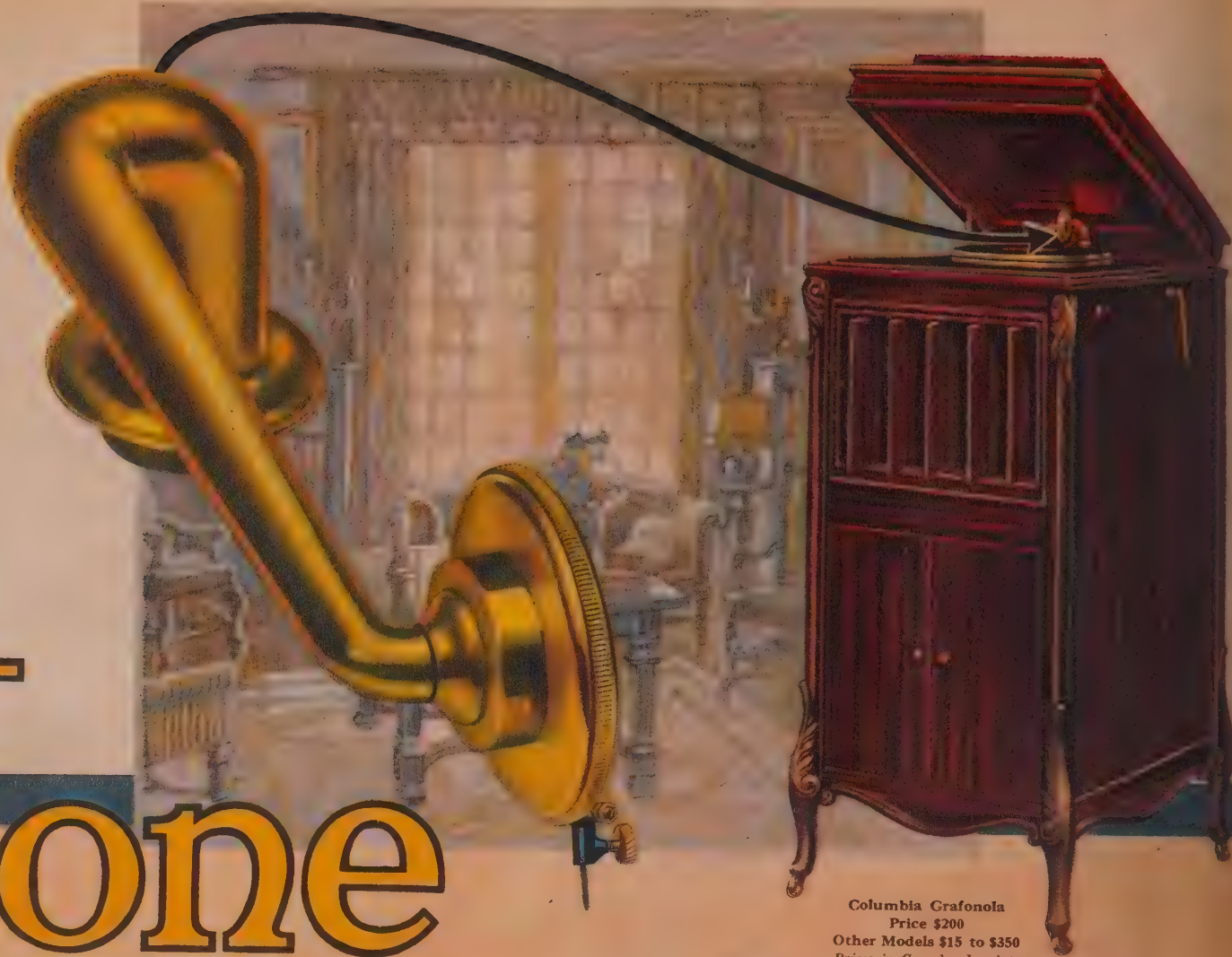
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